THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

[illegible] one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
[illegible] " " if not p'd within 3 mos. 1.75
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[illegible] with the above terms be de[illegible] and those who don't consult their [illegible] by paying in advance until [illegible] [illegible] printed on the same footing as those [illegible] be distinctly understood [illegible] paper before you stop it. If [illegible] mind. None but scalawags do oth[illegible] don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times		$ 1.50
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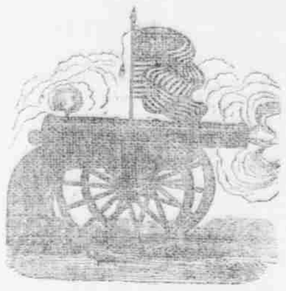
JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



For Barkers Another Big Boom!

THIS TIME, HOWEVER,

THE BOOM IS DOWNWARD

INSTEAD OF UPWARD!

SPECIAL LOW PRICES
TO SUIT THE TIMES!

[illegible] about it, we have the goods and must get rid of them, even though we [illegible] money in the operation. That means that we have an overstock of

Ladies' Fine Shoes and Gaiters,
Men's Heavy Shoes,
And MISSES', YOUTHS' and CHILDREN'S SHOES,

[illegible] and qualities, and that we must close out the entire assortment before the [illegible] stock arrives, which will be about the 1st of September. Hence we have determined for the NEXT FORTY DAYS to offer

Shoes at Greatly Reduced Prices!

[illegible] are acknowledged to be much lower than anywhere else, so that the special [illegible] we offer to buyers at this time affords everybody a chance to get

BETTER BARGAINS IN SHOES

[illegible] dissatisfied of in their philosophy. It will pay you, then, to buy your shoes [illegible] even if you do not wear them for the next six months, as it is a fact of which [illegible] to be aware that boots and shoes will be higher next winter than [illegible] are now; therefore our loss will be your gain. The only pur[illegible]pose we have in reducing prices beyond all precedent is to

MAKE ROOM FOR OUR NEW STOCK,

[illegible] already been ordered. So if you are open for a bargain now is the time and our [illegible] place to get more and better goods for your money than will probably [illegible] again have a chance to enjoy. We also have some bargains in

DRY GOODS, REMNANTS OF CALICO,
SHORT PIECES OF DRESS GOODS,

[illegible] we must and will sell regardless of what they cost us. In addition to [illegible] extraordinary bargains and many more in other departments, we have [illegible] largest, most select and certainly the finest and best assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing!

[illegible] and are prepared at all times to furnish either full or partial suits of wear[illegible] for men or boys at lower prices than goods of like quality can be purchased at [illegible] establishment. More than that, we have special bargains in seasonable clothing [illegible] for everybody who wants to dress well at a very small outlay.

[illegible] AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND LEARN OUR PRICES!

AND YOU WILL FIND THAT WE MEAN EXACTLY WHAT WE SAY.

W. S. Barker & Brother,
EBENSBURG, PA.

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SPRING GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

[illegible] looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of [illegible] and a man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile [illegible] will give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends [illegible] the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

[illegible] shop, find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,
[illegible]ware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, anuel Goods, &c., &c.

[illegible] CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS [illegible] PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

[illegible]RD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

[illegible] is one of the remarkable low price of 60 cents each. Also for sale, the

[illegible]ND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

[illegible] increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erec[illegible] new warerooms, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and [illegible] variables. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially [illegible] the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, [illegible] my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up [illegible] for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

[illegible] Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

[illegible] is now extended to the proprietor to every resident of the PERSEVERANCE to call and [illegible] stock, whether the purchase qualities, and hence the unexceptionable prices, which are positively so stated by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I [illegible] bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent. [illegible] to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria [illegible] my word for this, however, but more and see for yourself.

Carrolltown, May 21, 1880.—tf.

S. TEITELBAUM.

JAMES ABRAHAM GARFIELD.

AN OHIO REPUBLICAN'S TRIBUTE.

Ohio newspapers are publishing this poem, which they say was written by Mr. George T. Townsend, Chairman of the Trumbull County Republican Central Committee, and first published on April 21, 1873, in the *Western Reserve Chronicle*, a staunch Republican newspaper:

Ah! Jamie, lad, sic' news I hear,
Sic' Democratic taunt an' sneer—
They ca' thee names that grate the ear,
Like villain, thief,
Whilst down my beard tear chases tear,
Wi' wey grief.

In days gone by, wi' mickle pride,
Wi' holy speech an' pious stride,
I've seen ye rank it, side by side,
Wi' godly men;
An' fame was bed-din', far an' wide,
Your patriot then.

An' when upo' the battle-field,
Your kintra's sword ye deign'd to wield,
Wi' expected batter'd shield
And broken spear,
Ere ye an inch o' gr'and mad yield
For love or fear.

An' when, again, wi' loud huzzas,
We sent ye aff to mak' our laws,
An' show yoursel' i' Congress ha's,
We thot't, I' sooth,
Ye was as firm as' granite wa's
For Richt an' Truth.

Like Atlas, wi' his pond'rous load,
Thro' legislative ha's ye strode,
While, sweating, on your shoulders broad,
The nation lay;
An' weal an' woe stood at your nod,
To go or stay.

But when ye tried wi' a' ye might
To steal a position i' dunders richt,
An' nooks deserving halters tight,
Ye sought to clear,
We saw things in a different light
Awa' up here.

An' then, again, we'd cause to fear
That golden monster, Mobilier;
Thot guilt'as mony, there and here,
Like anc poo'ered,
Till doubts arose, tl ye was clear,
Or like the rest.

But when we saw the treasury door,
An' just about the shinin' ore,
Wi, horse-leech greed, demandin' more,
Ye could na stop;
But grip'd the gold an' drap'd your pow'r—
A wastn' swap.

Ah! Jamie, 'twas a luckless day
When ye made up your min' to stray,
Frae honest paths so far away,
An' clutch wi' greed
That cursed retributive pay,
Like ane in need.

Now fight a frien's silvine, keep calm,
Like the right side of Uncle Sam,
An' like a minister to Siam,
Or some ole' corner,
Absence frae hame may prove a balm
For wounds of honor.

She sure ye weel, the Lord be wi' you,
An' buckle on your armor for you,
An' free the greed o' Mammon free you;
An' i' the en',
Frae Satan's clutches safely see you.
Amen! Amen!

"HANCOCK AND IRISH."

GARFIELD'S RECORD ON THE SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND QUESTION.

"Hancock and Irish would have had a better show," says one of our Garfield contemporaries. Acting upon the suggestion, an energetic Democratic truth seeker has been looking into the record of the Republican nominee on the Irish question, and the investigation proves most fruitful. We do not believe there lives in all the land a single Irishman who has in his heart a single spark of love for the dear old Emerald Isle, or hopes to enjoy liberty in the land of his adoption, who can extend his support to the cause of a man who has officially placed himself upon the record as destitute of sympathy for Ireland. On the 8th of March, 1867, at the first session of the Fortieth Congress, the following proceedings were had in the house [See volume 77, *Congressional Globe*, pages 33-36:] Mr. Wood, Democrat, from New York, asked unanimous consent to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That this house extends its sympathy to the people of Ireland in their pending struggle for constitutional liberty. If the despotic government is to triumph it will be followed to establish monarchical institutions in America, so should the United States foster and promote the extension of Republican institutions in Europe.

Mr. Broomall (Radical)—I object.

Mr. Wood—I move to suspend the rules to enable me to offer the resolution.

Mr. Eldridge—Upon that motion I demand the yeas and nays.

Mr. Stevens (Thaddeus)—Would it be in order to move to refer this resolution to a committee?

The Speaker—It would not. The motion is to suspend the rules to enable the resolution to be considered.

The question was taken, and there were yeas, 104; nays, 14; not voting, 42. Among these fourteen negative votes—all Radicals but one—appears the name of James A. Garfield.

In order to prevent a vote on the resolution the following step was taken:

Mr. Banks—I now move that the resolution of the gentleman from New York be referred to the committee on foreign affairs when appointed.

Upon the call of the yeas and nays Mr. James A. Garfield voted in the affirmative. Out of the ninety-seven votes thus cast to prevent a consideration of the question, every vote, except one, was Radical. Of the forty votes cast in opposition to referring the resolution to a committee, thirty votes were Democratic and ten Radical.

On the 27th of March, 1867, Mr. Banks, from the committee on foreign affairs, reported the following resolution [p. 392, same volume of the *Globe*:]

Resolved, That this house extend its sympathy to the people of Ireland and of Canada in all their just efforts to maintain the independence of states, to elevate the people, and to extend and perpetuate the principles of liberty.

Whereupon Mr. Washburne—Radical, of Wisconsin—offered an amendment discouraging Fenianism, which was lost; Mr. Garfield not voting.

The resolution offered by Mr. Banks was passed without a call for the yeas and nays, and that notwithstanding the eloquent protest of Messrs. Wood and Eldridge, Democrats, who were opposed to the evasiveness of the resolution.

It would be well for every Irish voter to read the remarks of these gentlemen, as they appear on pages 390 and 391 of the *Globe*. They will no longer be in a position of doubt as to whether their friends are to be found in the Republican ranks. KILLARNEY.

Washington, D. C., July 12.

THE New York *Tribune* describes General Garfield as "the hero of Chickamauga." It is not very clear whether the *Tribune* means that we should have been beaten worse or not so badly if General Garfield had not been present on that melancholy occasion. In point of fact General Garfield's name is not mentioned in any official report or history of the battle which was issued before Gen. Garfield's nomination, except in an entirely incidental manner, or in the orders signed by himself as chief of staff to Rosecrans. General Rosecrans himself, it is interesting to remark, is in favor of the election of General Hancock, and not of the election of the hero of Chickamauga.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter she had been reading, and looking around the table at her blooming daughters and two tall, handsome sons, she said in a doleful tone:

"Your Aunt Sabina is coming, and has invited herself here without ceremony."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of intense disgust.

"She will reach here this afternoon. Wilbur, you will have to meet her."

"Sorry, ma, but I promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the park. Fred can go."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said, gravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of aunt."

"Nonsense!" said his mother. "You have not seen her for fourteen years. I never visited the detestable old farm after your father died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of Aunt Sabina's kindness while we were there."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucilla, "don't be sentimental. I wish the old thing would stay at home. I can't imagine what she is coming here for."

"She is our father's sister," said Fred, "and I cannot find anything surprising in her looking for a welcome among her brother's children."

Mrs. Gorham shrugged her shoulders. If she had spoken her thought, it would have been—"Fred is so odd! Just like his father." But she only said—

"I may depend upon you, then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham that all her other children were like herself. "Every one a 'Greer' except Fred," she would say, congratulating herself that the blood of "Gorman, pere," was not transmitted in the features of her elder son, Wilbur, or any of the three girls.

That Greer pride meant intense selfishness; that Greer beauty was a cold, hard type; that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow-minded—did not trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son who was "all Gorham" was proud to the core with the pride that knows no false shame; that he was noble in disposition, handsome in a frank, manly type, generous and self-sacrificing—she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Wilber's, he had no fashionable affectations and no "Greer" look. So his mother thought him coarse and rough, and his sisters declared that he had no style at all. But outside the home, where a great show of wealth was made by many private economies Fred was more appreciated.

When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business, and took a position in a counting house, thus becoming self-supporting. Darling Wilber had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting his fascinations would touch the heart of some moneyed belle. Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan heiress, and very handsome. That she seemed proud and cold in manner was only an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham; and Lucilla, Arabella and Corinne were enthusiastic in their admiration of "Cornelia Caldwell's queenly manner."

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt, straightforward Fred, hid one secret in his heart, confessed to no living being. And that secret was a love, pure and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself away from any suspicion of fortune hunting—that only drooped and mourned thinking of the heiress.

By four o'clock Fred was at the station, waiting for Aunt Sabina. What a little, old-fashioned figure she was, in her quaint black bonnet and large-figured shawl. But Fred knew her kind old face at once, though he had not seen her since he was twelve years old.

"You are aunt?" he said, going quickly to meet her.

She looked at the handsome face and caught a quick, gasping breath.

"You must be one of John's boys," she said. "How like you are to your father."

"I am Fred," he answered.

"Dear heart! How you have grown! is your mother here?"

"She is waiting for you at home."

The good old country woman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred certainly confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag, the bandbox, the great bulging cotton umbrella, and put them in the carriage. He made his aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself before starting on the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of the long journey, and sympathized with the "Ruination of every mortal stitch I've got on, dear, with the dust and smoke."

And he chatted pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny house and wide farm where Sabina lived.

"You see," she said, "I made up my mind this year I would come to see you all once more before I died. I have tried it before now, dear, but something or nuther alters hindered. Dear, dear! You're all grown up, I s'pose, and you was but a lot o' babies last time John brought you to see me."

"Corinne is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilber is the only one older than I am."

"Yes, I remember. Well, dear, I'm glad that John's wife brought up such a fine family. I'm only an old maid, but I do love children."

But a chill fell upon the kindly old heart when home was reached at last, and four fashionably-dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand, I think she would have returned to the station in the same carriage she came, so wounded and sore she felt.

"Not one kiss," she thought, "and Fred kissed me at the train, right before all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver coin into the hands of the servant girl who was to wait upon his aunt, and promising another if she was very attentive, he himself escorted the old lady to her room. It was not often that the young man's indignation found voice, though it grew hot over many shameful acts of hard selfishness in the house of his mother; but he said some words on that day that called a blush to the cheeks of the worldly woman.

It was not a very busy season, and finding Sabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the other members of the family, Fred asked for a holiday, and appointed himself the old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance, but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairymaid, and a city necktie for Bob, the hired man, were purchased.

He gave undivided attention to the more important selection of a new black silk for aunty herself, and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf, with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the love that prompted the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid the promised visit to the farm. He drove Aunt Sabina to the park and took her to see all the sights.

Once or twice, meeting some of his gentlemen friends, they had thought "this queer old party is some rich relative, Gorham is so attentive," and had delighted Sabina by their deferential attention.

Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornelia Caldwell sauntered in alone. She had heard of Sabina through the disgusted comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a "miserable farm," but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she gave her admirers. A great lump came in Fred's throat. Then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk to the little old-fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham—Miss Caldwell."

They admired the pictures together, and the young lady was cordial and chatty. After they came down the steps, Miss Caldwell said—

"You must let your aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us, but will be pleased, if Miss Gorham will dine with me, to have you call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Sabina comfortable in the carriage and drove off, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended he should be.

"He is a very prince of men," she thought, "and I will give him one day's rest. Bless the dear old soul! she has such eyes as my dear old grandmother has."

Then she won Sabina's confidence, and found she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, and she did not like to worry Fred about it.

She drove to the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender purse against all imposition till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed. Then she drove her home and bro't her in the room where "grandmother" was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country woman welcome.

In the evening that followed Fred's heart was touched and warmed till, scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long cherished secret and knew that he had won her love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and then went home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying with her no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season listening to the praises of Fred at Sabina's farmhouse; and Fred did not know it until he came too, after she was gone, and had his share of listening to loving commendations of one he loved. He wore the necktie and made himself so much at home, that Sabina wept some of the bitterest tears of her life when he left.

"To have you both and lose you!" she sobbed.

"Next time we will come together," Fred whispered, and so consoled her.

But alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady—and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips, or the blue eyes closed forever. But the will the old lady left gave all her worldly possessions to her "dear nephew, Frederick Gorham"—the farm and farmhouse. It was apparently no great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at many of the old fashioned treasures she touched, all with the tender reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago Sabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy, flourishing town around the site of the old farm. Mr. Frederick Gorham lives there now, and handles large sums of money—the rents of stately buildings.

"Made his money, sir, by speculation," you will be told, if you inquire as to his source of income. "Fortunate purchases of ground before the town was thought of."

But I tell you that the only speculation he made was in the kindness of his heart extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the only land he ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm.

ABDUCTING A CALF.—Recently two of Mr. Duffy's neighbors determined to abduct a pet calf belonging to that gentleman and Mr. Duffy became aware of their scheme. Therefore he quietly removed the calf from the box stall in which it was confined and in place of it introduced a goat of the Wm. gender and of a very vicious disposition. He also fixed a spring on the door of the stall, that would cause it to close unless held open and he also attached to the door a spring-lock that would fasten, and could only be unfastened from the outside. Then he went to bed but not to sleep. It was at the witching hour of midnight that the two marauders entered Mr. Duffy's barn. They had examined the premises the day before and knew exactly where to go. Each of them carried a carried a dark lantern. They entered the stall and the door closed behind them. Everything was still. One of them opened the slide to his lantern. Then there was a clatter of hoofs and the man with the lantern found himself piled up in a corner, very much surprised. He thought it was the queerest calf he ever had met. Then the other man opened the slide to his lantern to see what the matter was and the next instant the breath went out of him with a "yah" that made the listening Duffy laugh all over. Then all was still again except the faint profanity of the men, and finally the man who was hit first recovered enough to paw around and find his lantern. It was extinguished, but he got out a match and lighted it again. Then he turned the bull's eye toward the goat and he went into the corner again. The goat's blood then being aroused, he didn't wait for further lights, but began to butt around promiscuously, and the robbers concluded it was time to get out. But that didn't prove so easily done. Then they began to yell for help and Mr. Duffy could tell when the goat hit them because instead of yelling "help!" they cried: "O!" and after he had laughed till his sides ached, he went and let them out on condition that they wouldn't try to carry off the goat, and when they stepped out of the barn, he jumped and stamped and yelled that the goat was after them and they screamed "murder" and ran three miles down the road before they stopped for breath. Duffy still keeps the calf.—*Boston Post.*

WHAT CUPID SAID.

Said Cupid to me, "Come hither and see
The lady in ringlets as bright, boy,"
Said I, with a nod to the knowing young god,
"She puts them in paper at night, boy."
"But," said Cupid to me, "did you ever see
On any girl's cheek such a red bloom?"
Said I, "Half a score, but don't mention it more,
She's a small pot of rouge in her bed-room."
"But," said he, "if you've taste, there's a beautiful waist,
The envy of my mother all heart it."
"He does a good trade, her corsets that made,
I can give you his card if you want it."
"Ah," said Cupid, "I see you're too clever for me,
And are heart-whole where others have bled to?"
And he fingered a dart by the feathery part,
And he winked his blue eyes as he said so.
Then he bade me good-bye, but said, 'Gaze in her eye,
What a love-light of beauty there's in it!'
I could scarce turn to look, when an arrow he took,
And pierced through my heart in a minute;
And he cried to the air, as he flew through the air,
"Nor in stays, paint, nor powder love's dart is—
A glance or a smile has more power to beguile,
For nature more potent than art is."

SAVED BY LOVE.

The workroom of the jewelry manufactory of Jacobs & Co., at Attleboro, was just being closed. The tired girls were finishing their day's work, while their thoughts had already preceded time, and were anticipating the delights of the evening's pleasures of rest.—Pretty, well-dressed girls they were, too, when their large work aprons were removed, graceful and lady-like; not one whit less so that they had to earn their own living.

Jessie Clifford was somewhat behind hand in her work, and the girls had nearly all gone when she had completed it. She arose hurriedly, threw aside her apron and went into the little dressing room from which the last girl was emerging, who said:

"Why, Jessie, how late you are! I am afraid some person will have to wait tonight."

"Oh, I shall be ready in a moment!" Jessie said, ignoring the last part of the remark.

She washed her hands hurriedly, then threw on her short, light sack, and looked for her hat in its accustomed place, but it was not there. A little wave of impatience arose within her as she searched for it hastily and found it laid very carefully away under the lounge.

"It's that mischievous Maude Raymond," thought she, as she put it on before the glass. "She thinks it annoys me to keep Milton Kent waiting. She don't know——"

The door of the workroom closed with a loud, decided bang. Her heart gave a great leap, and she rushed across the room, shook the door and called loudly. But the boy who had closed it, thinking that all had gone, was already at the foot of the stairs, having descended two steps at a time, his thoughts full of some fun he had on hand. Jessie realized, with a heart-sickening sensation, that she was locked in for the night. She went to the windows with vague hopes of escape, but there were none facing the open street.—They looked down on a vacant lot and a close narrow court, between tall brick buildings. There was no chance of making any one hear, and she knew she would have to keep a lonely night vigil.

But Jessie was not a coward by any means, and besides had cultivated a philosophical spirit of making the best of everything. So, thinking "No real harm can come to me here," she went back slowly to the little dressing-room. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," she thought, as she removed her hat and sat down on the lounge. "Milton Kent will think I went out the side entrance to avoid him, and I am glad of it, for I want to discourage his attentions. I know he is as good as he can be, but he isn't to my fancy; perhaps I might have cared for him if——"

And then the handsome face of Gilbert Knight came before her mental vision, and the remembrance of his dark, passionate eyes, his tender kisses and his words of love thrilled her pulse with a bounding of true affection.

The twilight shadows deepened, the tall building shut out the last rays of the departing sun, and the objects in the room became more and more indistinct. She began to feel a loneliness creep over her, but fought against it, and paced the floor slowly, determined to be brave.

The shadows grew still darker and the stars came out. She could see them twinkling in the soft, clear evening sky above the towering buildings. And with pleasant thoughts for company, and wishing that the author of them was beside her, she passed into dreamland.

Hark! what was that sound? She started up with the perspiration standing on her forehead. She had heard the window next the dressing room lifted, and in a moment more steps on the floor. Listening with painful intentness, her heart throbbing so loudly that she feared it would betray her proximity, she heard that there were two. They walked past the door of the dressing room, and Jessie quaked with the fear of discovery. But, under cover of the darkness she remained unmolested; and it was evident also that the work room was not the goal of their ambition.

"We've done the thing neatly so far," said one voice. "If we can only finish as well as we have begun, we shall be lucky."

"Hush!" said the other in a lower tone. "What if we should be discovered before the job is done?"

"No danger of that," the first said. There is no one within hearing distance, Knight. I came here in the role of a book agent the other day, and took the position of the rooms."

The sound of the second voice had struck her with a painful suspicion of familiarity, and now that name! What did it mean? Could it be possible that he was her lover? Was she not mistaken in the voice?

He spoke again:

"After all there are worse robberies committed every day under the guise of business transactions than we are meditating. Old Jacobs has been a miser all his life, and cheated people out of thousands. It's no more than fair to take some of his ill-gotten gains."

No, she was not mistaken. There was no doubt of that voice. It had a characteristic ring that could not be mistaken. Something darker than night's shadow settled upon her mind. She remained in her position as if tied hand and foot.

But they passed along, and she heard them working with the lock of the door which had closed upon her so untimely. For a few moments there was a dull, rasping sound, and she knew that they had succeeded in opening it and were passing down stairs. There were two more doors to open before they could gain an entrance into the store below. She arose to her feet and listening intently, she could hear the first one below yielding to their hands.

She felt as if she must follow them. She did not care whether or not she was discovered. When they had opened the last door and were within the front store, she followed noiselessly—she had removed her shoes—and stood in the shadow watching their movements, as by the light of a dark lantern they proceeded to open the safe which, they judged, contained the most valuable jewels.

As Jessie stood there motionless and pale, there was no feeling of scorn for him. The wound was too deep for that. But there was a pathetic despair in the depths of the eyes which only a few hours before had been full of tender love light for him, and a dreadful pain at the heart, and an infinite sadness, to find that her idol, whom she had set up for worship so much higher than his fellows, was made of baser clay than ordinary men.

By the light which he held she could discover his face dimly. Hardly conscious of what she was doing, she went forward to him as he bent over the safe he had opened. Both had their backs toward her. Without a word she laid her hand upon his arm. At the touch, so quick and unexpected, he started as if he had been shot, and flashed the light quickly in her face. With a low cry of surprise, he met the pathetic sadness of Jessie's eyes.

His companion rose hastily from his kneeling position, exclaiming, "What does this mean?" as he saw the strange, dazed look upon Knight's face, and saw, too, that the girl was no stranger to him.

"O, Gilbert! Gilbert! Can this be possible?" Jessie said, with a pitiful wail in her voice that would have moved a heart of adamant.

He stood dumb before her. Had she reproached him, he could have retorted angrily; but he had no word to meet the look in the fair, sad face upturned to his, which he had kissed so often just to see it flush and brighten under the powerful magnetism which had been the ruin of more than one woman before he had saw Jessie.

It was a scene for a painter. The bolted and barred windows showing in the dim light; the confused, shamed expression on Knight's face; the pained, grieved expression on Jessie's, and the angry disappointment on the other. At length, without a word, Knight took the jewels he had secreted about his person and flung them down.

"You can do as you like, Kris," he said. "I wash my hands of the affair. It is the last time I shall undertake such a thing.—Jessie, you deceive me, of course, and I deserve it. But I shall remember you always as the best and dearest girl I ever knew. Good by. Come, Kris, let us get out of this scrape as soon as we can."

They left empty-handed, as they had come, and made their escape as they had effected their entrance, by an ingenious communication with a tall building that rose only a few feet from the work room.

Jessie groped her way back up stairs to the little dressing-room, and sitting down again upon the lounge, burst into a passion of tears. It had been a sad awakening from her sweet love-dream, for Jessie's ideal had been good, and manly, and honorable, and the real had fallen so far, far below it!

She began to realize that she must conceal the fact that she had been there all night, for of course she would be questioned, and she shrank from answering them. So in the morning she contrived to make it appear that she had come in with the other girls, and then later she went out and ate a warm breakfast, or rather tried to force it down, to cure the fainting sensation that came over her.

Great was the surprise of all, the next morning, to find the doors open, and greater still was the surprise to find the safes open, and yet no jewels missing.

Meanwhile, in his room, Gilbert Knight was writing this note:

MISS CLIFFORD: I dare not call you dear Jessie, as my heart dictates, because I know myself unworthy. I have cared for you—let me confess it—as I have cared for many others, but I never realized until last night that you were one woman of a thousand. Something in the tender womanliness that never uttered a reproach to the wretch that dared to contaminate her with his touch went to my heart. You see I am not altogether lost yet. If I did not feel the vast gulf there is between us I would go to you now and beg your forgiveness. As it is, I have the grace to stay away. Some time when I have redeemed myself, may I come back?

And Jessie received the letter and cried over it, then laid it away and waited.

Milton Kent tried in vain to win a place in her heart. She knew he never could be guilty of the deed from which she had saved the man she loved, but she could not transfer her affections to him. Her heart yearned over that other, and she waited.

At the end of two years he came back and found her patient and somewhat sad, but with the old lovelight kindling in her eyes at sight of him.

"I have lived an honest, upright life before God and man since I left," he said humbly. "Jessie, will you be my wife? Can you forgive and forget?"

For all answers she reached out her arms toward him, and was held in close embrace.

"NO SETH," said Mrs. Spicer, as she settled herself back in the rocking chair on the hotel piazza, "you needn't lie to me about going down stairs after a match, for the windows are open and I can easily pick your bald head out from the other wretches in the pool-room. Last night you went at 8 o'clock to get your boots blacked, and, although your feet are large enough, heaven knows, I don't believe it took you till 11.30 to get your boots polished, for that was the time you put them outside the chamber door and then fell against it and woke up the children." Here some callers who had driven over from Auburndale came up the steps and Spicer slid out under the fire of greetings and was heard shortly after confide to a friend that he "wished that blamed billiard marker wouldn't leave the blinds open and give the boys away to the whole house."

QUITE a number of darkies, young and old, were fishing down at Galveston wharf recently, when a boy of about twelve fell off, and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of old Uncle Moses. After the boy was safely landed a bystander took occasion to praise old Moses for the heroism he had displayed. "Is that boy your son?" asked the sympathetic spectator. "No, boss, but he mout jess as well have been. He had all de bait in his pocket."

WOMAN'S presence conquers even animals. The most vicious horse can be driven with one hand by the young man who has a girl by his side.

Remarkable Discovery of a Murder.

The following account of a murder which was committed in Bermuda in the autumn of 1878 is by the Attorney General of the islands, Mr. S. Brownlow Gray:

"In the autumn of 1878 a man committed a terrible crime in Somerset, which was for some time involved in deep mystery. His wife, a handsome and decent mulatto woman, disappeared suddenly and entirely from sight, after going home from church on Sunday, October 20. Suspicion immediately fell upon the husband, a clever young fellow of about thirty, but no trace of the missing woman was left behind, and there seemed a strong probability that the crime would remain undetected. On Sunday, however, October 27, a week after the woman had disappeared, some Somerville boatmen looking out toward the sea, as is their custom, were struck by observing in the Long Bay Channel, the surface of which was ruffled by a slight breeze, a long streak of calm, such as, to use their own illustration, a cask of oil usually diffuses around it when in the water. The feverish anxiety about the missing woman suggested some strange connection between this singular calm and the disappearance. Two or three days after—why not sooner? I cannot tell you—her brother and three other men went out to the spot where it was observed, and from which it had not disappeared since Sunday, and with a series of fish hooks ranged along a line dragged the bottom of the channel, but at first without success. Shifting the position of the boat, they dragged a little further to windward, and presently the line was caught. With water glasses the men discovered that they had caught it in a skeleton which was held down by some heavy weight. They pulled on the line; something suddenly gave way, and up came the skeleton of the trunk, pelvis, and legs of a human body, from which almost every vestige of flesh had disappeared, but which, from the minute fragments remaining, and the terrible stench, had evidently not lain long in the water. The husband was a fisherman, and Long Bay Channel was a favorite fishing ground, and he calculated, truly enough, that the fish would very soon destroy all means of identification; but it never entered into his head that as they did so their ravages, combined with the process of decomposition, would set free the matter which was to write the traces of his crime on the surface of the water. The case seems to be an exceedingly interesting one; the calm is not mentioned in any book on medical jurisprudence that I have, and the doctors seem not to have had experience of such an occurrence. A diver went down and found a stone with a rope attached, by which the body had been held down, and also portions of the scalp and of the skin of the sole of the foot, and of clothing, by means of which the body was identified. The husband was found guilty and executed."

THE BUMBLE BEE.

Did you ever stop to consider the immense power possessed by a bumble-bee? An insect weighing no more than the tenth of an ounce is capable of "raising" a man weighing 220 pounds from a bench in the public park, and then have lots of lifting material left. Just stop and think of it. The stinger of the bee is not near as large as the finest needle, but such is the force behind it that it can be driven through heavy cloth pants backed by merino drawers, and into the flesh. If a man could wield a crowbar in comparison, he could drive it through seven sawmills and a distillery at one blow. Nature could not give the bee teeth and claws without spoiling its beauty, and in compensation she gave this stinger as a weapon of attack and defence. If the bee had no weapon, ants, beetles and bugs could cuff him around as they pleased; but, as it is, he is the boss of the walk, and won't take a word from any of them.

The bumble-bee is not naturally of a quarrelsome disposition, but he can't sit down over half an hour without feeling that some one was doing him a great wrong. If left to himself, he will crawl up your coat sleeve, look around and go about his business; but if welcomed with a blow between the eyes, he is going to be revenged if he breaks a leg. He invariably closes his eyes when he stings, and you have only to look a bee square in the face to see when he is feeling around, and when he means fourteen per cent. per annum.

The bumble-bee is a favorite resort of the bumble-bee, but you can find him almost everywhere else if you try hard. Having no pair of long hind legs he cannot build his nest in a marsh, like a frog; and having no beak in which to carry straw he cannot nest in a tree like a bird. He therefore takes to the grass and under the roots of an old stump, or among a pile of old rails, he rears his gentle young, and gives them printed instructions as to the difference between stinging six-inch stove pipes and runaway boys. The knowledge of old bees is powerful. They know where the schoolhouse is. They know when the school is out. They can sail miles away from home, get in their work on a farmer's son weeding out corn, and return home without missing a fence corner, or need of an afternoon nap. As a rule they are early risers. Barefooted boys driving up their cows at daylight will find the bumble-bee out of bed, and ready to begin the arduous labors of the day. Along about sundown he quits work, counts noses to see if the family are all in, and then stows himself away for a night of calm and peaceful repose.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY, whose legs were recently cut off by a train of cars at Dubuque, Iowa, was too plucky to make any outcry over the accident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave to those who stood by his side told plainly that he was suffering terrible agony. After the doctor had dressed his wounds, he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all farewell, and left a tear up

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - AUG. 6. 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HON. GEO. A. JENKS,
Of Jefferson County.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
COL. ROBERT P. DECHERT,
Of Philadelphia.

"SHOW ME," exclaimed a Republican orator named Mackey, the other day, in a speech to the Garfield Club at Franklin, Venango county, "show me a Republican who is going to vote for Hancock!" And as he paused for a reply up rose a noble specimen of that kind of a man and said: "I never voted anything but a Republican ticket in my life, and I am going to vote for General Hancock." The response was peculiarly distressing to Mackey under the circumstances, and he had only strength enough left to utter a sigh and whisper to himself, "Can such things be and overcome us," etc. ?

THE Republican organs in this State are just now on their high horse, because, as they allege, one Dr. George S. Goodhart, of Reading, who claims to be a Democrat, gives as a reason why he intends to vote for Garfield, that "he is the first and only professed Christian who was ever nominated for the Presidency." This reminds us of the fact that when the Poland committee, in February, 1873, made their report implicating Colfax, Garfield, and some other Congressmen of their stripe, in the corrupt Credit Mobilier business, Ben Butler winked his cock-eye and casually remarked: "This is going to be a very hard year on Christian statesmen."

THE Altoona *Tribune*, which is just now terribly worried about the Hancock writing on the wall, thinks his letter of acceptance was long and unnecessarily delayed, and that so brief and commonplace a document might as well have been given out a month ago as now.—The *Tribune* hadn't any complaint to make against Garfield, who took within two days as long a time from his nomination to write his letter as Hancock did. The trouble with the *Tribune* is, that Hancock's letter don't contain an unnecessary word and that it "took down the house," while Garfield's is stamped in all its length and breadth with insincerity and truckling, and was intended to suit party exigencies and to encourage reckless, improvident legislation.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S LETTER accepting the Presidential nomination, as well as the letter of Hon. Wm. H. English, accepting the nomination for the Vice Presidency, will be found published elsewhere in our paper. The letter of the former is brief, dignified and statesmanlike, with nothing of the clap-trap style about it, but honest and sincere in its expression—the utterance of a man who evidently does his own thinking and his own writing, and who means precisely what he says. It has been received by intelligent and fair-minded men of all parties, not as the production of "a mere soldier," the title bestowed on its author by the Republican press when he was first nominated, but as a sound, conservative, and in every sense a highly creditable declaration of his policy and purpose in the event of his election. Mr. English goes more into details and pays his respects to "the great party of moral ideas" in such plain and vigorous language, that no man will be at any loss to understand the nature and degree of the political faith that is in him.

JUDGE BLACK has written an admirable letter to the New York *World*, dated Paris, July 18, in relation to General Hancock, his famous Order No. 40, and his qualities for civil rule as illustrated by his military administration in Louisiana and Texas. It is a remarkable letter, and such as only Judge Black could write. How handy it is to have such a man as Jere. Black in the Democratic household, always fully equipped for an emergency, and ever ready to maintain the right. We will publish his letter next week. The *World* of Sunday last also published the much talked of letter which Gen. Hancock wrote to General Sherman during the excitement over the disputed Presidential election of 1876. This letter never would have been made public had it not been for the insane folly of the Republican press in misrepresenting the views expressed in it. This letter will stand as a lasting monument to General Hancock's fame, and be as enduring as his splendid military career. We will also lay it before our readers next week. It will convince even a Republican that Hancock's pen is as mighty as his sword.

AN election for Governor and other State officers took place in Alabama on Monday last. This is one of about twenty States that Weaver, the Greenback candidate for President, has been running over the North telling his audiences he was sure to carry in November, even repeating that parrot cry in Wheeling last Saturday—only two days before the election. Weaver had then just returned from a stumping tour through Alabama, and although all the odds and ends of opposition to the Democracy—Republicans, Greenbackers and Independents—were solidly welded together, and the machine kept running by money furnished by the National Republican Committee, the Democratic victory is complete, the returns indicating a majority of at least fifty thousand. Can any man wonder at this, in view of the fact stated by us last week, that a *colored* Hancock club in Mongomery, the capital of the State, contained 610 members. This is the first gun from the "solid South," made so by the reconstruction policy of the Republican party itself. It is needless to add that the election in Kentucky on the same day, for District Judges and county officers, resulted in a similar Democratic harvest.

AT a monster meeting held in the Academy of Music, New York, on Wednesday night of last week, to ratify the nomination of Hancock and English, Hon. John M'Keon, Chairman of the City Democratic Committee, stepped to the front of the stage and said: "Fellow Democrats, the duty has been assigned to me to nominate a presiding officer of this meeting and I, therefore, nominate Samuel J. Tilden, the legally elected President of the United States." When the storm of applause that for some minutes greeted Mr. Tilden had subsided sufficiently to permit his voice to be heard, he said:

I thank you, my fellow citizens, for the cordiality of this greeting. I have come down this evening from my country home to join with you in expressing and declaring the purpose of the Democracy of the city of New York to sustain the nomination of Hancock and English. [Great applause.] I have come under the stipulation with your committee that in consequence of my hoarseness of voice I should not be expected to make a speech to this vast audience. What I have to say will be but briefly to touch two points. The welfare of the people of the United States demands a change of administration of the federal government. [Immense applause.] Reform is necessary to remove abuses which have grown to enormities during twenty years of continuous power, prolific of false principles and bad practices. [Cheers and voices, "Good, good."] The republican party, stifling its conscience, has made itself responsible for the intrusion, under color of law, into the chief magistracy of our great country of fifty millions of people of a man who was not elected by the people. [Thunders of applause, and cries of "That's it," "That's a fact."] Unless condemned by the people and signally condemned, it will subvert the elective system of government of which we are so proud, and substitute in its place the rule of a dynasty of officeholders holding over against the will of the people. [Applause.] The complete overthrow of the Republican party at the election in 1880 will be retributive judgment; it will prevent the repetition hereafter of the crime of 1876 against the sovereignty of the people. [Applause.] Congratulating you, gentlemen, on the cause, and congratulating you upon the nomination, I congratulate you also upon the auspicious promise of success which I see in every quarter, I proceed to the order of business of the meeting.

GEORGE W. M'CRARY, of Iowa, who was one of the three Republicans on the Poland committee which investigated Garfield's transactions with Oakes Ames, has been thinking over the matter since Garfield became a candidate for President, and is reckless enough to say over his own signature that "General Garfield had done no wrong, and Democrats and Republicans united in so reporting." This is a most lame and impotent conclusion and is in the very teeth of the report which M'Crary signed in 1873, and of which the following is an extract:

"The facts in regard to Garfield, as found by the committee, are that he agreed with Mr. Ames to take ten shares of Credit Mobilier stock, but did not ever pay for the same. Mr. Ames received the 80 per cent. dividend in bonds and sold them for 97 per cent., and also received the 60 per cent. cash dividend, which, together with the price of the stock and interest, left a balance of $329. This sum was paid over to Mr. Garfield by a check on the sergeant-at-arms's office. Garfield then understood his sum was the balance of dividends after paying for the stock."

If M'Crary believed the foregoing statement to be true when he signed the report he deserves to be branded as a liar now, because his two positions are utterly and hopelessly inconsistent with each other and cannot stand together. His dilemma is precisely like that of Poland and Banks, his two Republican colleagues on the committee. They were all honest enough in 1873 to report the truth about Garfield's negotiations with Ames, and to stand by it, but in 1880, when Garfield has become the candidate of their party for the Presidency, they rush into print as the apologists of the man they arraigned in their report as guilty of perjury and corruption. It is too thin and it is too late.

THE Pittsburgh *Dispatch* expresses its belief that there would be nothing wrong or out of place in Mr. Garfield taking the stump, of which there is not the slightest danger. Why would he do so unless to explain away his dealings with Oakes Ames in Credit Mobilier stock, and the $5,000 he admits he received from the De Golyer pavement company. It would be a sorry sight to see James A. Garfield stand up before a crowd and attempt to show that the $329 for which Ames gave him a check on the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House was "a loan" and *not* the balance due him, after the enormous dividends on the stock had extinguished its nominal price, $1,000; or to listen to him attempting to satisfy an audience how he as an honest man, while holding the position of chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, could take a fee of $5,000 from a patent pavement company to procure for it a contract with the Washington city authorities, the money to pay which could alone be appropriated by his own committee. Only four years ago Mr. Garfield attempted to do all this in a pamphlet addressed to his own Republican constituents, but it failed to convince them, for they not only passed resolutions at a mass meeting in his district bitterly denouncing him, but nominated a candidate against him. It is safe to say, therefore, that the *Dispatch* will not have the pleasure of hearing its candidate on the stump—at least not during the present campaign.

DAVID MOUAT, a Republican politician of Philadelphia, and a delegate to the Chicago convention, was arrested, tried, and eleven of the twelve jurors (the twelfth one having been bribed by Mouat's friends) were in favor of convicting him of stuffing the ballot-box and altering the returns at the Spring election in that city. His guilt was plain, and the Judge before whom he was tried clearly intimated as much to the jury. But he was acquitted all the same, the jury failing to agree, and now he has been appointed by the Republican organization of Philadelphia as chairman of the committee on "the colored vote." The crime for which Mouat came so near being sent to the penitentiary was committed against William Calhoun, a prominent Republican, who was running as an independent candidate for an office in his own ward. A week ago last night Calhoun joined the First Ward Hancock Legion, and made a speech defining his position. The Republicans have thus rewarded their ballot-box pirate, and the Hancock Legion gained an honest recruit.

"GENERAL GARFIELD will be the best *written up* President this country has ever had, more than half a dozen 'lives' having already been announced as forthcoming," says a Republican organ, to which may be added, by way of fitly completing the sentence, "and will be the best *voted down* candidate that has been entered in the Presidential race for the last thirty years."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

WEATHER AND OTHER GOSSIP—CRESSON SPRINGS—DOCTOR JACKSON—CONSOLIDATION EVERYWHERE—BOTHERED TO SPEND GIRARD'S MONEY—THE EX PRESIDENT STOCK-BULLER—GILT-EDGED PHILANTHROPISTS—EXHIBITION OF SHEEP, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 2, 1880.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

The moderation of the weather for the last two or three weeks has had a wonderful effect on lessening the mortality lists, and with the cool nights that August brings, even if the days should be warm, it is not likely that they will again approach anywhere near the appalling figures of June and early July.

The census shows the debt of this city to be $70,000,000.

There is a big hurrah being made over the reorganization of the powerful factor known in politics, just after the close of the rebellion, by the name of the "boys in blue;" but the over sanguine will look in vain for the vast numbers that at that time appeared in the organization. In 1866, 10,000 "boys in blue" paraded this city, but now the organizing of a club will be a distinctive instead of a general feature of the campaign.

CRESSON SPRINGS—DR. JACKSON.

I am pleased to learn that a score or more of Philadelphia's most distinguished physicians were at Cresson Springs for the purpose of examining and testing the waters. It is also stated that they organized a meeting while at Cresson, and passed a resolution endorsing it as a mountain summer retreat, and its waters as offering superior advantages to persons seeking health and recreation. Let me ask if these eminent physicians had read Dr. R. M. S. Jackson's book, entitled "The Mountain"? Had they a knowledge of the Doctor's long labors, struggles, disappointments and sufferings, in his effort to set the claims of the Cresson springs to the "muscle of science and nature?" If they possessed a knowledge of the Doctor's earnestness, of his desire for the world's recognition and appreciation of his "Allegheny Mountain Sanitarium," they should, with their resolution endorsing Cresson and its waters, also have passed one for the erection of a monument in honor of the gifted and distinguished originator of that now noted summer resort. Your correspondent knows well of the desperate labors, struggles and trials of the unfortunate author of the "Allegheny Mountain Sanitarium." Could you, gentlemen, have looked into the Doctor's heart, the highest ambition of his life, to get something of the natural science of that piece of the venerable speroid (the earth) called the Allegheny Mountain, made more generally known to men; also to introduce some of its metapysical elements into the recorded yearning of the world, and, above all, to assert its sanitary claims as powers to produce health and happiness. Dr. R. N. S. Jackson regarded it as his mission, as a command from Heaven, to found at Cresson a Mountain Sanitarium, and Cresson to-day may be hailed as a signal manifestation of the merciful interposition of a special Providence. If Cresson is a favorite resort and creditable to Pennsylvanians, to Dr. R. M. S. Jackson they are indebted for it; and the physicians of Pennsylvania will do themselves credit and the State honor in commemorating the establishing of Cresson by erecting a Jackson monument on its beautiful grounds, in front of the Cresson building.

Doctor R. M. S. Jackson, the founder of Cresson, was a regular member of the old school of medicine for many years, and there being but few country sanitaria, or health establishments under the jurisdiction of the regular profession of medicine, there was a dream that possessed his head, or in his own words, "a monomaniacal thought a demon idea, which became the possession of the whole mind and heart of its victim." The vision of its accompanying prayer shaped itself in this form: "Guardian spirits of the world! grant the power to construct on some mountain top some 'tall heaven-kissed hill,' some Alpine height of the earth's crust, above the plain of perpetual malaria, a hospital, a sanitarium, a retreat for the sick, for those who struggle with disease in the heated plains below, or in the poisoned valleys! Vouchsafe this power, and, with the remedial virtues of change of air, climate, water, and exercise, and the *unsurpassed resources of the regular art of healing*, there shall be results in the sphere of physical regeneration yet undreamed of in medical philosophies. Grant this power, answer this prayer, and judge of the tree by its fruit."

The enterprise involved the necessity of sundry and various personal rencounters and financial troubles, but it was a doctorial project he had nursed in his heart and brain for years, and for which he waited with patient vigilance and solicitude. Through sufferings, distractions, agonies, heart scathings, and mortifications, he labored for his loved and grand scheme of benevolence—a Mountain Sanitarium.

In the preface of his book, "The Mountain," the Doctor says: "To escape in some way the full measure of suffering of a country practice, the exactions, and the poverty which is the horror of a country doctor's life, and at the same time to obtain the clear mountain top of a higher force professional, a larger range of power, a more extensive sphere, in which to develop the heavenly functions of the art of healing: in short, from the inception of the enterprise, has been nothing but an enlarged projection of the *country physician's power* in the *relief* of suffering, and the *creation* of health and happiness."

Although the lamented Doctor's dream which took possession of his whole mind and heart, the establishment of a Sanitarium on the summit of the Allegheny mountain, is not yet a reality, full of blessings for suffering man, yet through his manipulations on the Apalachians, Cresson is not a delusion or a folly, but a glorious substance, of beauty and usefulness, of shade to protect from the deleterious agencies of heat and malaria, it possesses more essential elements of a perfect summer resort than any other part of the continent of North America, and where a monument should be erected to commemorate its founder, Robert M. S. Jackson.

CONSOLIDATION EVERYWHERE.

There is a general postponement of open differences and discord in Democratic circles everywhere. The peace and harmony movement in Pennsylvania has served to consolidate all the opposing Democratic interests in every other locality. The same spirit of conciliation prevails among the Democrats in every State. Since the dramatic incident at Cincinnati, when John Kelly and Col. Fellows "shook hands across the bloody chasm," there has been a general following of their example. Since they gave the right hand of fellowship in token of a reconciliation of the Democratic factions respectfully represented by them, all has been a general handshaking. There may not be a very great degree of cordiality at the bottom of this truce, as the old quarrels may break out afresh at some future time, but it is certain that there will be a general postponement of the quarreling business until after the Presidential election. It was a small sacrifice, that the Tammany men made in yielding the control of the party organization in New York city, where they had a very considerable following. The cheerful promptness which characterized this concession is one of its most creditable features. The withdrawal of the Tammany electoral ticket was a surrender of the kind which is better than a victory. The reunion of the Democratic party in New York bids fair to be followed by a harmonious adjustment of the Democratic difficulties in Massachusetts, where steps have been taken towards a call for a State convention, and the Butler and anti-Butler factions will participate.

THE EX-PRESIDENT STOCK-BULLER.

Ex-President Grant has become a tramp, a kind of an adventurer, the tool of schemers who conspire to defraud the public by using his name as a cover for dishonest enterprises. It may be possible that the San Pedro and Canyon de Lagna Company, of which Grant has been elected President, is not a wild cat scheme, whether it is or not the good will and credit of the American character, ex-President Grant should not suffer his name to be at the head of it. The man who has held the office of President should be something more than a mere private citizen upon the expiration of his term. It was disgraceful enough to the nation when Minister Shenck connected himself with the Emma Mine, and it will be still more disgraceful for ex-President Grant to put himself at the head of any doubtful scheme for "raising the wind." The President of any mining company, or of any other corporation which partakes largely of a speculative character, is not the place for an ex-President of the United States. An ex-President should not become a tramp, or a tool of schemers who conspire to defraud the public. Grant is to have a salary of $25,000, but not to do anything more than lend the stock and give the company a grand boost into notoriety. Mining schemes have, therefore, proved more attractive than Isthmus canals. The ex-Presidential tramp and stock-buller is now likely to become a bonanza king.

BOTHERED TO SPEND GIRARD'S MONEY.

What the directors of the Girard Trust intended to do with the handsome new building completed a short time ago is a mystery, as they have not boys enough to fill it. They made a request on New York and New Orleans for more boys, but they could not be secured. There is so much money on hand in the Girard Trust that it bothers the members to spend it, and hence a very large sum has been expended in fixing up the front of the blocks on Chestnut street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, so as to give it a gingerbread appearance. A new building, too, is to be erected within the college grounds, and is to be ready for occupancy in August, 1881, and will cost $100,000.

GILT-EDGED PHILANTHROPISTS.

The late William Welsh, of this city, who flourishes as a public philanthropist and spent Girard's money lavishly, and who was prominent in various so-called charities, left not a dollar of his money to any of those charities he professed to take so much interest in during his lifetime. So in the case of Joseph R. Chandler, whose will, recently published, has made not a single bequest to any public or private charity. As he had a perfect right to leave all his wealth to his family, but when a man for years plays the part of a public philanthropist, spending the public money lavishly for charitable objects, while he himself is blessed with an abundance of the world's goods, the public naturally expects that when he comes to die he will show some faith in his professions of philantrophy by bequeathing some of his own means for charitable purposes. When the public philantrophist comes to make his will, however, he usually leaves not a dollar of his own money to assist the unfortunate in the struggle against adverse fortune or sickness.—There are many more such gilt-edged philanthropists in this world that might just as well be out of it so far as their fellow-creatures are concerned.

EXHIBITION OF SHEEP.

The international exhibition of sheep, wool and products, soon to be held in the Permanent Exhibition Building, Fairmount Park, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Association, will be an extraordinary affair and well worthy of encouragement.

G. N. S.

Hancock and English.

THE LETTERS OF BOTH CANDIDATES ACCEPTING THE NOMINATIONS MADE AT CINCINNATI.

General Hancock has written the following letter accepting the Democratic nomination for President of the United States:

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,
NEW YORK CITY, July 29, 1880.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of July 13, 1880, apprising me formally of my nomination to the office of President of the United States by the National Democratic Convention lately assembled in Cincinnati, I accept the nomination with grateful appreciation of the confidence reposed in me. The principles enunciated by the convention are those I have cherished in the past and shall endeavor to maintain in the future.

The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, embodying the results of the war for the Union, are inviolable. If called to the Presidency I should deem it my duty to resist with all of my power any attempt to impair or evade the full force and effect of the Constitution, which in every article, section and amendment is the supreme law of the land.—The Constitution form the basis of the Government of the United States. The powers granted by it to the legislative, executive and judicial departments define and limit the authority of the General Government delegated to them as a trust. Rested States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, belong to the States respectively or to the people. The General and State governments are both constitutional governments, each acting in its own sphere without trenching upon the lawful jurisdiction of the other, constitute the Union. This Union, comprising a General Government with general powers and State governments with State powers for purposes local to the States, is a polity the foundations of which were laid in the profoundest wisdom.

This is the Union our fathers made, and which has been so respected abroad and so beneficent at home. Tried by blood and fire, it stands to-day a model form of free popular government, a political system which, rightly administered, has been and continue to be the admiration of the world. May we not say nearly in the words of Washington: The unity of government which constitutes us one people is also now dear to us; it is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our peace, safety and prosperity and of that liberty we so highly prize and intend at every hazard to preserve.

But no form of Government however carefully devised, no principles however sound, will protect the rights of the people unless administration is faithful and efficient. It is a vital principle in our system that neither fraud nor force must be allowed to override the will of the people. When fraud, violence or incompetence controls, the noblest constitutions and wisest laws are useless. The highest duty of the citizen is to see that the public servant is not a mere instrument for evil in the hands of knaves. It is only by a full vote, free ballot and fair count that the people can rule in fact as required by the theory of our Government. Take from the election way and the whole system is ruined. Public office is a trust, not a bounty bestowed upon the holder; no incompetent or dishonest persons should be appointed to office, or if appointed to office they should be promptly ejected. The basis of a substantial, practical civil-service reform must first be established by the people in filling the great public offices: if they fix a high standard of qualifications for office and sternly reject the corrupt and incompetent, the result will be decisive in governing the action of the servants whom they intrust with appointing power.

The war for the Union was successfully closed more than fifteen years ago. All interests of our people must share alike in the blessings of the Union, and are equally concerned in its perpetuity and in the proper administration of public affairs. We are in a state of profound peace. Henceforth let it be our purpose to cultivate sentiments of friendship and not of animosity among our fellow-citizens; the material interests of the united and progressive, demand our constant and united efforts. A sedulous and scrupulous care of the public credit, a wise and economical application of the department of our governmental expenditures, should be maintained in order that labor may be lightly burdened and that all persons may have the equal protection of their rights to the fruits of their own industry. The time has come to enjoy the substantial benefits of reconciliation. As one people we have common interests to encourage the harmonious and generous rivalry among our own industries which will revive our languishing merchant marine, extend our commerce, bring back the lost confidence of merchants, manufacturers and producers to develop our vast natural resources and increase the prosperity and happiness of our people.

If elected I shall, with the divine favor, labor with what ability I possess to discharge my duties with fidelity according to my convictions, and shall take care that the laws be faithfully and equally executed in all parts of the country alike. I will assume the responsibility, fully sensible of the fact that to administer rightly the functions of government is to discharge the most sacred duty that can devolve upon an American citizen.

I am very respectfully yours,
WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
To the Honorable John W. Stevenson, President of the Convention, the Honorable John R. Stockton, Chairman, and others of the Committee of the National Democratic Convention.

Mr. English's Acceptance.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 30, 1880.

GENTLEMEN: I have now the honor to reply to your letter of the 13th inst., informing me that I was unanimously nominated for the office of Vice-President of the United States by the late Democratic National Convention which assembled at Cincinnati. As foreshadowed in the verbal remarks made by me at the time of the delivery of your letter, I have now to say that I accept the high trust with a realizing sense of its responsibility, and am profoundly grateful for the honor conferred. I accept the nomination upon the platform of principles adopted by the convention, which I cordially approve, and I accept it as much because of my faith in the wisdom and patriotism of the great statesman and soldier nominated on the same ticket for President of the United States. His eminent services to his country; his fidelity to the Constitution, the Union and the laws; his clear perception of the true principles of government as taught by Jefferson; his scrupulous care to keep the military in strict subordination to the civil authorities; his high regard for civil liberty, personal rights and rights of property; his acknowledged ability in civil as well as military affairs and his pure and blameless life—all point to him as a man worthy of the confidence of the people. Not only a brave soldier, a great commander, a wise statesman and a pure patriot, but a prudent, painstaking, practical man of unquestioned honesty, he can be trusted often with important public duties, faithful to every trust and in the full meridian of ripe and vigorous manhood he is, in my judgment, eminently fitted for the highest office in the gift of the Presidency of the United States. Not only is he the right man for the place, but the time has come when the best interests of the country require that the party which has monopolized the Executive Department of the General Government for the last twenty years should be retired. The continuance of that party in power four years longer would not be beneficial to the public or in accordance with the spirit of our republican institutions. Laws of entail have not been favored in our system of government. The perpetuation of property or place in one family or set of men has never been encouraged in this country, and the wise and good men who formed our republican government and its traditions wisely limited the tenure of office and in many ways showed their disapproval of long leases of power. Twenty years of continuous power is long enough and has already led to covetousness and corruptions which are not likely to be properly exposed under the same party that perpetuated them; besides, it should not be forgotten that the four last years of power held by that party were procured by discreditable means and held in defiance of the wishes of a majority of the people. It was a grievous wrong to every voter and to the country, whether it is so regarded should never be forgotten or forgiven. Many of the men now in office were put there by a corrupt partisan return board, in the time of public excitement, during the canvass and before the legally expressed will of the majority, and the hypocrisy of the professions of that party in favor of civil-service reform was shown by placing such men in office and turning the whole brood of Federal office-holders loose to influence the elections. The money of the people, taken out of the public treasury by these men for services often poorly performed or not performed at all, is being used in vast sums, with the knowledge and presumed sanction of the Administration, to control the elections, and even the members of the Cabinet are strolling about the country making partisan speeches, instead of being in their departments at Washington discharging the public duties for which they are paid by the people. But with all their cleverness and ability a discriminating public will no doubt read between the lines of their speeches that the paramount hope and aim is to keep themselves or their satellites four years longer in office. Perpetuating the power of a chronic Federal office-holders four years longer will not benefit the millions of men and women who hold no office but earn their daily bread by honest industry, is what the same discerning public will no doubt fully understand, as they will also that it is because of their own industry and economy and God's bountiful harvests that the country is comparatively prosperous, not because of them but in spite of them. This contest is in fact between the people endeavoring to regain the political power which rightfully belongs to them, and to restore the pure, simple, economical, constitutional government of our fathers, on the one side, and a hundred thousand Federal office-holders and their backers, ingrained with place and power, and determined to retain them at all hazards, on the other. Hence the constant assumption of new and dangerous powers by the General Government under the rule of the Republican party, the effort to build up what they call a strong government, the interference with home rule and with the administration of justice in the courts of the several States, the interference with the elections through the medium of paid partisan Federal office holders interested in keeping their party in power, and caring more for that than fair-ness in the elections. In fact, the constant encroachments which have been made by that party upon the clearly reserved rights of the people and the States will, if not checked, subvert the liberties of the people and the Government of limited powers created by the fathers, and end in a great consolidated central government—strong, indeed, for evil—and the overthrow of republican institutions. The wise men who framed our Constitution knew the evils of a strong government and the long continuance of political power in the same hands. They knew there was a tendency in this direction in all governments and consequent danger to republican institutions from that cause, and took pains to guard against it. The machinery of a strong centralized general government can be used to perpetuate the same set of men in power from term to term until it ceases to be a republic, or is such only in name, and the tendency of the party now in power in that direction, as shown in various ways, besides the willingness recently manifested by a large number of that party to elect a President an unlimited number of terms, is quite apparent, and must satisfy thinking people that the time has come when it will be safe and best for that party to be retired. But in resisting the encroachments of the General Government upon the reserved rights of the people and the States, I will be found defending and endeavoring to favoring the proper exercise by the General Government of the powers rightfully belonging to it under the Constitution, and will be governed in the Constitutional rights of the General Government or interference with the proper exercise of its powers must be carefully avoided. The union of the States under the Constitution must be maintained, and it is well known that this has always been the position of both the candidates on the Democratic Presidential ticket. It is expressed in every platform now, and finally and forever settled as one of the results of the war. It is certain beyond all question that no party which seeks to make the war for the Union will not be overthrown or impaired should the Democratic ticket be elected. In that event proper protection will be given in every legitimate way to every citizen, native or adopted, in every section of the republic in the enjoyment of all the rights guaranteed by the Constitution and its amendments; the payment of honest debts in money of a value and purchasing power corresponding substantially with the standard recognized by the commercial world, the equality of gold and silver and paper convertible into coin, will be maintained; the labor and manufacturing, commercial and business interests of the country will be favored and encouraged in every legitimate way.

The toiling millions of our own people will be protected from the destructive competition of the Chinese race, and their immigration to our shores will be properly restricted. The public credit will be scrupulously maintained and strengthened by rigid economy in public expenditure, and the liberties of the people and the property of the people will be protected by a government of law and order, administered strictly in the interest of all the people, and not for special corporations and privileged classes. I do not doubt the discriminating justice of the people and their capacity for intelligent self-government, and therefore have never doubt the success of the Democratic ticket. Its success would bury beyond resurrection the sectional jealousies and hatreds which have so long been the chief prop in the line of sectional demagogism, and in no other way can this be so effectually accomplished. It would restore harmony and good feeling between the States, and between the people in fact, as well as in name, one people. The only rivalry then would be in the race for the development of material prosperity, the elevation of the educational and moral human rights, the promotion of education, morality, religion, liberty, order, and all that would tend to make us the foremost nation of the earth in the grand march of human progress.

I am, with great respect, very truly yours,
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

To the Honorable John W. Stevenson, President of the Convention, the Honorable John R. Stockton, Chairman, and other members of the Committee of Notification.

General Hancock and Mrs. Surratt.

A reporter for the New York *Herald*, on Wednesday of last week, called on Mr. John P. Brophy, President of the St. Louis College, and the Rev. B. F. Wiget, of Maryland, to ascertain what they knew concerning Gen. Hancock's course as commander of the department of Washington at the time of the execution of Mrs. Mary Surratt. Mr. Brophy is the man who labored so earnestly to save the life of Mrs. Surratt, and the venerable Father Wiget was one of the priests who ministered to Mrs. Surratt in matters spiritual during her imprisonment.

In his statement to the reporter for the *Herald*, after recounting his efforts to obtain a suspension of the sentence of Mrs. Surratt from President Johnson, Mr. Brophy said:

"Finding that no hope remained, I urged Anna to go to her mother while she was yet alive. We drove rapidly to the prison. Passing through an outway from the white house I noticed mounted soldiers at intervals along the route, but I did not know at the time for what purpose they had been so stationed. When we arrived at the arsenal gate, an hour or so before the execution, we were refused admission by the soldiers on guard. In the excitement I had mislaid the pass, and for a time it seemed as if mother and daughter were to be deprived of the mournful privilege of a last interview. Finally, however, we were admitted, and Mr. Hancock descended from it, came to the ambulance in which were Anna Surratt and myself, surrounded by the guard. Approaching the latter, Anna in a general spoke to Anna, and in a voice of subdued sadness told her that he feared there was no hope for the higher powers. She became frightened, and urged her to brace herself for the terrible ordeal. Coming around the ambulance to the seat I occupied, General Hancock said to me in a low tone: "Mr. Brophy, I fear there is no hope, and it would be cruel to hold out any hope to that poor child when there is none. Still I have stationed mounted men all around the White House, with instructions to make all possible haste in case the president should relent and grant a reprieve. You, I know, will be notified at once, and it will probably be directed to me as the commander of the department, and I shall be on the spot till the last moment for the purpose of obtaining a reprieve. Should I receive it in the quickest manner, gave me instructions to let Anna remain with her mother as long as prudence should permit, and then to accompany her to the scaffold to witness her mother's execution, as the memory of the terrible scene in after years be too horrible for her to contemplate, then as a mercy to her to guards be let us pass, and he drove near us until we reached the penitentiary.

"To describe the heartrending events of that memorable day, the terrible parting of mother and daughter, the solemn protestations of innocence of that mother in the face of death upon the scaffold her constant refusal to make a plea for her own services I had tried to render, her "only regret" at "parting with poor Anna," who would "soon be out of this world of trouble to rest well for the poor most humble submission to the will of Almighty God in that direful hour—to describe all these scenes is beyond the power of my feeble pen, and beyond the endurance of my nerves. My object now is to add my testimony to that of others in vindication of one who has been most unjustly assailed for a deed rendered in connection with which no trace of blame can could possibly be guilty.

"As one, therefore, who is conversant with the facts, as one who has written more, done more labor until the last hope for Mrs. Surratt's life had fled, as one who tried to act a brother's part toward Anna Surratt in her more than orphan helplessness, I consider it my duty to say word to the dispatch which, unknown and unsolicited, I forwarded to my friend the Hon. John K. Tarbox, of Massachusetts, at the Cincinnati convention."

Father Wiget, recalling as it would seem almost forgotten memories, said to the reporter:

"Ah, these stories are all false—all false. They say that Gen. Hancock refused to allow the priests to call up Mrs. Surratt. That is all false. I, as soon as Mrs. Surratt was condemned General Hancock sent an orderly to me with a pass to see her at any time. I had not asked for it. The first information I had that Mrs. Surratt had been condemned was the bringing of that pass. We (Father Walter and himself) could go anywhere. We were given full permission to visit at any time. I never saw General Hancock to talk with him, but we could see any one. General Hancock and General Hartranft were very kind."

Father Wiget then referred to an incident of the last hours of Payne. He said that he and Father Walter had gone to visit the prisoners at the prison. They were at Payne's cell. Father Walter was talking to General Hartranft at the door and Father Wigit was conversing with the condemned man at the further end of the cell. He embraced the favorable moment to ask him a question unheard by the others. "Laying my hand on his shoulder, so," said the old gentleman, "I said in a quick, low tone, "Tell me, my friend, is Mrs. Surratt guilty? Just as quick he answered, "No, sir; no, sir!" Then while tenderly leaning forward and putting his lips to my ear he whispered, "She might have known that something was going on, but she did not know what."

Father Wiget had not time to talk much further, and merely reiterating his statement that General Hartranft and Hancock had been most kind, and that stories to the contrary were false, he bade the reporter good-by to start on his journey to Boston.

"THEY come not singly, but in battallions," by which we mean prominent Republicans all over the country, who are enlisting under the conquering flag of Hancock. One of the latest and most notable instances is George Wilkes, the well known editor of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, who writes a stirring letter from Paris in favor of Hancock which he concludes as follows:

"I do not predict any thing, but I believe Gen. Hancock will be invited to the White House in large part by the very same patriotic men who sent honest Abraham Lincoln there for two terms. I shall use to great pleasure in casting my vote for him as a man without stain, and equal to the Presidential station. For that purpose I will be found at the polls in New York at the election in next November.

SIXES' DYSENTERY COMPOUND produces a very warm and glowing sensation, thereby removing all sharp pains and by its tranquilizing properties allaying those severe gripings of the stomach and bowels occasioned by exposure or other causes. Only 35 cents per bottle. For sale by V. S. Barker & Bro., Ebensburg, who also sell Sixes' Syrup of Tar, Hoarhound and Wild Cherry, and Roberts' Embrocation, all noticed elsewhere. 6-1m.

MOTHERS, don't fail to have SIXES' DYSENTERY COMPOUND on hand, for the relief of your little baby when attacked with any Bowel Complaint. It contains no Morphine, nor Opium, yet its soothing effect will give the little sufferer so much relief that he will at once fall into a gentle sleep, and give his mother as well as every provoked bachelor in the house, an opportunity to rest.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Specdy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay. [3-12.-0¹₂m.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—There is a colored Hancock club in Carlisle.

—There is a scarcity of servant girls in West Chester.

—Snow is said to have fallen on the highest of the Catskills Thursday morning.

—Tioga county has a twenty-five-year-old woman that weighs four hundred pounds.

—A bull-frog over a foot in length has been captured by a colored boy in a spring at West Goshen.

—Mrs. Hildreth committed suicide at Des Moines, Ia., because her husband wouldn't take her to the circus.

—Daniel Reeder, of Pricetown, Berks county, is 91 years old, and works with the farm hands every day.

—Mrs. Weaver, of Catasauqua, who is 90 years of age, frequently walks to Bethlehem to church. The distance is six miles.

—A cat was put in the mine at Shenandoah in which the three men perished the other day and it died in five minutes.

—Dr. Hayden, who was tried for the murder of Mary Stannard, has gone to work in a New Haven chair factory.

—A keeper in the Poor House at Salina, Kan., shot and instantly killed an insane man, named Bosworth, on Saturday last.

—The "Hancock Campaign Banner" is the title of a sprightly little campaign paper just started at Carlisle by W. P. Campbell.

—The original wagon in which John Brown emigrated from Pennsylvania to Kansas is to be presented to the State Historical Society.

—A man froze to death on the hottest day this summer at Carroll, Ia. He got into a refrigerator car while drunk, and was locked in.

—Frank Stevenson, aged ten years, of Lancaster, while playing Saturday with his father's revolver was shot and instantly killed.

—A Reading man only 65 years old has been married three times, and the father of eleven pair of twins. He has forty-one children in all.

—Under the new census Maine will probably lose a Representative in Congress, reducing her representation to four. In 1830 she had eight.

—The *Miners' Journal*, of Pottsville, tells of a gentleman who stood in Schuylkill county and fished in Dauphin and Northumberland counties.

—A Pittsburg man jumped from a bridge forty feet, receiving fatal injuries, after a quarrel with his wife while he was walking with another woman.

—It is a singular fact that most of the inland counties show a population, according to the census, above the average of that of the cities of the State.

—Benjamin K. Bertree, who recently murdered Henry Shouse at Honesdale, is on the list of jurors drawn to serve the second week in September in Wayne county.

—John Thomas, a native of Albemarle, Va., is the father of thirty-one children. He has been twice married, and twenty-one daughters were born to him before a son.

—John Wallace, of Rynd Farm, near Oil City, one of the pioneer oil men, and one of the gallant Six Hundred of the Crimean war, died suddenly on Saturday of pneumonia.

—Lafayette Heckman, a widower, of Hamburg, Berks county, has eloped with Mrs. Rademeyer, a married woman of that place, who leaves beh

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY MORNING, - AUG. 6, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:

A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

[Elected by Conference of Democratic Conference.]

FOR STATE SENATOR:

HERMAN BAUMER, of Conemaugh Boro',

[Unanimously nominated by Conference of Democratic Conference.]

FOR ASSEMBLY:

JOHN FENDRICH, of Ebensburg.

L. D. WOODRUFF, of Johnstown.

FOR PROTHONOTARY:

PHILIP A. LANGHEIN, of Chest Township.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:

WILLIAM H. SECHLER, of Ebensburg.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER:

GEORGE J. BAKER, (2 years,) of Susquehanna.

HENRY W. EASLY, (1 year,) of Johnstown.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

—The Democratic County Committee, as constituted by the Democratic County Committee, is requested to meet at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on Monday, August 9th, 1880, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of transacting such business as may be deemed necessary, including the nomination of candidates for Coroner and Surveyor, the appointment of Judges and Inspectors of Election in connection with the election of Register and Recorder, and the appointment of the committee-men for the several districts. The committee are earnestly requested to be present on the occasion, and to take such action in the premises as may be necessary.

WM. H. MCMULLEN,
Chairman Democratic County Committee.

—Here and the Other Place.—New styles have just been received at Wilson's.

—Light colds and colds ones from Monday to Wednesday eve.

—There is enough at times this week to kill without hurting itself.

—Hundreds of straw hats will be closed out at Barker & Bro.

—Bubble me right: guess Geo. Riddle was going to town t'other day.

—It is rumored that no Greenback nomination will be held in this county this fall.

—Barker & Bro. still have lots of nice shoes for everybody and all their prices are low.

—Two recently cut near Orbisonia," in this county, measured eight feet in diameter.

—It is now concluded to make a carpet, that will be the only complete assortment in town at Barker's.

—Dr. Patrick McGillicuddy, of the model township, is said to be a candidate for Assemblyman at the next election.

—Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup and never disappoints anxious mothers. It is free from opiates. Price 25 cents.

—We learn that V. S. Barker & Bro. are receiving daily supplies of new goods, such as laws, grass cloths, and all kinds, as well as summer dress goods.

—The Huntingdon *Journal* recites the case of a man living near that place who died on the afternoon, gave birth to a child that night and attended its funeral next morning.

—It is said that the printers will have a picnic for their picnic, but unless the weather change ere long in the minds of the Altoona brethren, there will be more than that quarter.

—The frost is said to have been severe on Thursday morning of last week, but we are not sure that it wasn't the heats of the many severable days of that popular summer resort.

—Mr. Sam Hill fell out of and one of his feet, and yet, for all that, full of fun, was captured by Mr. Kittanning Point Pother Day, an Altoona physician.

—A dog named Watch bit a little boy in the middle of Main street, Johnstown, on Monday last, for the purpose of extending his acquaintance to the Court House grounds. The opposite fluid necessary for the cure of new temple of justice.

—The Court was in session on Tuesday, Wednesday of this week, but as the principal case of no special interest to the readers, we haven't thought it worth while to publish the proceedings.

—Under obligations to our friend J. Palmer, now temporarily sojourning at Bellefonte, Arkansas, for a handsomely printed and elegantly illustrated guide to the United States for invalids in pursuit of health.

—There are, nor yet room for the whole crop of corn as it now appears in this, though no cause for the remaining out of ye roasting-ears weeks later than in most years.

—Samuel Fred. Piper, living on the road from Altoona, fell into a well on Wednesday Sunday afternoon, and was rescued alive soon after, by means of a rope, and is now recovering.

—Persons visiting Ebensburg and Cresson Springs resorts for rest-up Pittsburgers should be necessary to add that the life was knocked out of the bovines before they ever realize what had struck them.

—Miss Margaret McMullen, a maiden lady more familiarly known as Peggy McMullen, died at her home in Allegheny township, on Saturday last, aged about 80 years. We know nothing of the history of the deceased lady, but as she was one of the oldest residents of the county, and her early experiences replete, no doubt, with thrilling interest, we would be glad if some one competent to do so would furnish us with a brief sketch of her long and active life. Meantime we hope that her soul has found rest eternal.

—E. H. Thomas, Esq., editor of the Mechanicsburg *Farmers' Friend and Independent Journal*, and Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, has our thanks for a neatly-printed programme, issued from his office, and accompanied with an invitation to attend the Seventh Annual Tri-State Picnic and Exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry of Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia and adjoining States, to be held at Williams' Grove, Cumberland county, on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th of the present month.

—Our young friend Henry Eichenschr, of Adams township, put in an appearance in Ebensburg Tuesday morning and made no secret of the fact that he is a candidate for the nomination for Register and Recorder on the Democratic ticket, and hopes, of course, to be elected. Henry is not only a zealous, earnest, and hard-working Democrat, but he is a clever, intelligent gentleman, and if he succeeds in accomplishing what he has undertaken the Democracy of Cambria county will certainly have no reason to regret the selection.

—There is said to be a strong feeling among the Democrats in the northeastern portion of the county, and no doubt the same feeling prevails to some extent elsewhere, against the County Committee assuming the right to name the candidate for Register and Recorder. The demand they are said to make is for a new county convention, and if this sentiment is general, and none there are who should know better than the members of the County Committee whether it is or not, it should have its due weight in the deliberations of that body.

—There must have been a lively rush for dictionaries among the patrons of the Johnstown *Tribune* when they read in its issue of Monday last that there was "a rich vein of gallinacea in the speech" delivered by Gen. Joseph McDonald before the Hancock and English Club of this place on Friday evening last. For the information of those who have no dictionaries, it may be well enough to say that "gallinacea" is very bad French for chicken-cock, while the General's speech was very good English for Hancock, though carefully for all the craft, and who has requested us not to disturb his devotions or call him away from his beloved soda-fountain for at least two weeks to come.

—The Altoona *Tribune* of Tuesday says: A number of Catholic clergy went to Loretto yesterday to enjoy the second week of the annual retreat in that place. "Enjoy" is good when applied to a season of prayer, meditation and other penitential exercises.

—A communication from Gallitzin relative to the impression made and the kindly words addressed on Sunday last to the Catholic congregation at that place by their new pastor, did not reach us until it was too late to furnish the necessary space, and hence we are obliged to reserve it for our next issue.

—W. Fisk Conrad, Esq., of Tyrone, was at Cresson on Sunday last, but we have not learned that he gave any sign while there of his desire to have the Senatorial question settled at as early a day as possible. The probabilities are, however, that some understanding will be reached on that subject before another week goes by.

—A Garfield and Arthur Club has been formed at Portage, with the following officers: J. F. Parrish, President; Joseph Burgoon, Vice President; F. J. Burgoon, Secretary; J. C. Noel, Treasurer; D. H. Rankin and David Patrick, Corresponding Secretaries. Glad to see that Hancock and English are to have some opposition in this county.

—The pastorate of the Church of the Holy Name in this place has not yet been provided for, nor is it likely to be for a week or two to come. Meantime Rev. Father Neville, who spent the past winter in Florida and is without a congregation, owing to the delicate condition of his health, will minister to the spiritual wants of the congregation.

—An Altoona boy named Cassidy is said to be so utterly incorrigible that his parents have been forced to chain him fast in the house. He broke loose the other day and paraded the streets with the chains on his wrists, but his mother soon captured him and took him home, where he is now no doubt more securely anchored than ever.

—Contrary to the predictions of some of his friends, Rev. J. N. MacGonigle, formerly of this place, has accepted the call of the First Presbyterian church of Oil City and will soon remove to that place. The *Derrick* says: The members of the congregation are greatly rejoiced at their success in having secured the services of so eminent a divine.

—Some scurvy scalawags sawed a bed the other day at the hotel of Mr. Albert Bender, in Gallitzin, which they knew was to be occupied that night by our friend and patron, Mr. Jacob Goerner, of Cambria township, and his newly-made bride, and the result may be better imagined than described. It was a contemptible trick played upon a very worthy couple.

—It required a wonderful amount of brass, but the loyal editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* had it all, and to spare, to publish in his paper one day last week: "There were mighty few Democratic Union soldiers from the North." He can see more than a "mighty few" of that kind of soldiers on the streets of Johnstown every day, if he will keep his eye skinned, as we think he usually does.

—The special train which arrived here last Saturday evening was composed of three passenger cars and one baggage car, all comfortably filled with persons who felt themselves possessed of a desire to whiff our pure mountain breezes. Our hotels are all full, yet we are assured that to-morrow evening *two* trains of the same dimensions will come to see us. In the language of the Old Sexton, we will try to "gather them in!"

—A small black dog with a face and tail to match, ears cropped, a small brown spot under each eye, brown feet, sharp claws, and a red ribbon on his neck, got lost on Sunday last, and as the owner is anxious to recover the missing "purp," he desires us to say that any person who leaves the diminutive canine at the store of Matthias Denny, in St. Augustine, will be suitably rewarded for his trouble.

—While Joseph Parrish, son of our friend and patron, Mr. Peter Parrish, of Barr township, was engaged the other day in hauling in hay, the team he was driving became unmanageable, and backing the wagon down a hill they were at the time ascending, upset the load and threw young Parrish off, his face striking on a large stone, which cut an ugly gash in one of his cheeks and injured him otherwise quite painfully.

—The Altoona *Sun* says that the venerable Father Bradley, pastor of the Catholic church at Newry, will some time in September celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. Quite a number of the priests of the Pittsburgh diocese and probably the bishop will be present. It was originally intended to make the event a surprise to the venerable priest, but he heard of it and concluded to "surprise" the surprisers.

—General Walker, superintendent of the census, announces that the enumerators will receive their pay within the next thirty days. Receipts will be forwarded to each enumerator, who must sign and forward the receipt and then he will receive his money. This district (the Eighth Pennsylvania) was among the very first to send in its returns, and Gen. Walker is said to be highly gratified with the neatness, accuracy and dispatch of the work done by the appointees of Supervisor Miller.

—Mr. Peter McCoy died at his residence in Allegheny township, on Sunday last, in the 78th year of his age. Mr. McC. was well known throughout the northern part of the county, and having resided several years in Conemaugh borough, was also well known to the people of that section. He was all his life a hard-working, industrious man, and like all the members of his father's family with whom we were acquainted, was possessed of a large share of rugged common sense.

—Wm. Madigan, of Latrobe, a former telegraph operator on the Western Division, P. R. R., and aged about 22 years, jumped from a moving freight train at that place on Sunday morning last, and falling under the cars was run over and had both legs terribly crushed below the knees. The limbs were ordered amputated at that place, but after amputated the injured members, but there was no hope then that his life could be saved, though at latest accounts his condition was more promising.

—During a heavy thunder-storm at Strongstown, Indiana county, twelve miles west of this place, on Monday afternoon of last week, the lightning struck a large tree near the village, and from thence glanced off and paid its respects to three cows, owned respectively by Ex Messrs. Wm. Troxell, Chas. Marsh and David Boring, which were standing under or in close proximity to the tree at the time. It is scarcely necessary to add that the life was knocked out of the bovines before they ever realize what had struck them.

—Miss Margaret McMullen, a maiden lady more familiarly known as Peggy McMullen, died at her home in Allegheny township, on Saturday last, aged about 80 years. We know nothing of the history of the deceased lady, but as she was one of the oldest residents of the county, and her early experiences replete, no doubt, with thrilling interest, we would be glad if some one competent to do so would furnish us with a brief sketch of her long and active life. Meantime we hope that her soul has found rest eternal.

—John H. Brown, Esq., the newly appointed Register and Recorder of this county, who was duly qualified according to law and entered upon the duties of his office on Tuesday last, has appointed Mr. J. G. Hasson, of this place, as his deputy, not because he preferred a Democrat, but because in his own political household there is no one who has had any experience and is of course not so well qualified for the duties of deputy.—Therefore Mr. Brown Hasson this accession, at least, done well, though it is fair to presume that he would have gone further and fared worse if he could have served a political purpose in so doing.

—Hon. Louis W. Hall, who is rusticating at Belmont, one of our local summer resorts, in a conversation with a prominent Democrat of town, the other day, stated that he looked upon it as a serious mistake that the course of the Republican press had rendered it necessary on the part of Gen. Hancock to publish his letter to Gen. Sherman, regarding the dispute about the Presidential election of 1876, and that in his (Hall's) opinion the letter would make innumerable votes for Hancock. This is a common sense view of the matter, although Republican editors were clamorous for the letter before, believing that it would knock Hancock "higher than a kite."

—And now comes a postal card from Mr. Jno. E. Strayer, of Johnstown, an active young Democrat and one of the Secretaries of the late county convention, informing us and asking us to inform our readers of the fact that he is an aspirant for Register and Recorder on the Democratic ticket and will be glad to accept a front seat if the powers that be so will it. Our young friend Strayer, like his father before him, is a Democrat to the back-bone, and if that and the ability to fill the position he seeks with credit to himself and satisfaction to the people he recommendations worth considering, and these they are and should be, he cannot fail to stand as well before the Committee or convention, as the case may be, as any of the several worthy men now in pursuit of the nomination.

—Mrs. Wm. Fidell, who resides, or rather did reside until Sunday last, not far from Latrobe, is a woman who evidently don't read the papers, for if she did she would certainly have found out that it is next to impossible to pour coal oil on a fire and escape the terrible consequences which befell her and her household on the day above indicated, when she tried the experiment on the usual result—an instantaneous explosion of the can, followed by the burning to death of one of her children, the house set on fire and completely destroyed, and herself and another of her children so shockingly burned that they could not possibly survive, and have probably died ere this. And so sure, in fact, there are thousands of others in the world that will do just as she did, and only learn wisdom when it is too late to be of any use to them.

—A friend in Barr township sent us a few specimens the other of what has been presumed by some of the wiseacres out there to be nickel ore, and with the specimens came a request for us to make the assay in the inspection of a certain gentleman who is at present temporarily sojourning here, and who is interested in some nickel mines in the eastern part of the State. We had no doubt what his verdict would be, knowing as we do that such "nickel ore" can be found lying around loose almost anywhere, hence were not surprised on being told that the specimens were nothing more than common sandstones slightly impregnated with mica, and worth for what they contained of that comparatively valueless commodity about two cents per ton. And so ends this "true tale" of the presumed "nickel" find in Barr township.

—David Orr, of West Newton, Westmoreland county, got into an awful huff the other day because E. C. Hough, editor of the *Press*, of that place, said something unpleasant about him in his paper, and arming himself with the necessary weapon, he shot one of the order of his going, but went at once and introduced a cowhide to Hough's hide on a somewhat dis-Orr-derly manner and to the slight damage and great disgust of the latter gentleman. Rev. Pershing, of West Newton, assuming the roll of peace maker, succeeded in parting the belligerents before any serious consequences resulted. Orr was subsequently arrested, however, and gave bail for his appearance at Court to answer the charge of aggravated assault and battery. Meantime it must be admitted that the thing was rough enough on Hough.

—Two or three members of the Catholic church in this place took it into their heads the other day that a gold-headed cane was about the right thing to present to Rev. Father Boyle, late pastor of said congregation, and acting on that conviction they went earnestly to work and collected between sixty and seventy dollars, in sums ranging from twenty-five cents to five dollars, with which they propose to buy what will no doubt be as handsome as we are sure it will be useless to the Rev. gentleman for whom it is intended, he being already the possessor of a cane of that description, presented to him years ago by some of his many Pittsburgh friends. Others of the congregation, believing that a more substantial testimonial would be useful to their late pastor, and—but no matter until the thing assumes a more definite shape, which it probably will in a day or two.

—The Democratic County Committee, which meets at the Court House in this place on Monday next, will probably take upon itself the duty of fixing the vacancies on our county ticket, and in that event so far as we are at present aware, it will be obliged to make its choice for Register and Recorder from the following list: Henry Eichenschr, of Adams township; Michael Sweeny, of Cambria borough; Hugh McMonagle, of Prospect; John F. Dewey, of Johnstown; Lieut. John Lynch, of Smithville; H. A. Shoemaker, of Ebensburg, and Thomas Hoover, of Cambria township, with a probability of one or two more whose names we have not learned. Of course we don't pretend to say that this is all of them, but it is certainly enough from which to make a selection, and we are confident it will be well made, for with such material it is scarcely possible to make a mistake.

—Contrary to the usual, if not the universal, custom which prevails in such cases, Gov. Hoyt has furnished another grist to the Republican mill by appointing John M. Brown, Esq., of Conemaugh borough, to the place recently made vacant by the death of the Democratic incumbent of the office of Register and Recorder of this county, John G. Lake, Esq., and said appointee, after complying with the requirements, as ordained by the law, assumed the duties of his new position on Tuesday last. This appointment is of course a display of partisanship that would have been more honored in the breach than in the observance, but since the Governor couldn't rise to the dignity of the occasion and appoint a Democrat to fill the vacancy, it is gratifying to know that the thing has been done by Brown, by one of the worthy and competent gentlemen has been chosen. Next November, however, the color will be so completely changed, that our Republican friends will have cause enough to look awful blue.

—Mrs. Elmer Epler and her grown up daughter, of Altoona, were awakened about half-past 1 o'clock on Sunday night last by a realization of the fact that a peculiar odor pervaded their bedroom and that they themselves, judging from the peculiarly oppressive sensations which they experienced, had narrowly escaped being smothered to death. Mrs. Epler staggered to her feet and managed with considerable difficulty to summon some of the neighbors, her husband being absent from home at the time, and an investigation revealed the presence of some kind of a drug splattered on one of the window-sills of the bedroom. How it came there is a question which remains unanswered, but the presumption is that thieves intended to operate upon the premises, and in order to make the way clear had thrown the drug into the room for the purpose of stupefying the inmates. Be that as it may, both ladies recovered in due time from the effects of the drug, and also from their fright, but it must be admitted that they made a very narrow escape.

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HEADS WITHOUT BODIES.

Said Dr. Drury, a well-known physician and scientist of Columbus to the writer yesterday:

"Come with me and I will show you two or the most wonderful curiosities to be seen anywhere."

Without asking any questions the young man of the *Commercial* got into the doctor's carriage at his bidding, and after an hour's ride got out at the Franklin County Infirmary, situated in the southeastern suburbs of this city. Passing around the Infirmary buildings, which are pleasantly surrounded by trees, grape-arbors and the like to the rear of the buildings, the curiosities were reached. Seated in a chair was a boy of nineteen, of the ordinary height of boys of that age. The head and face were the first looked at, of course. The head was large and crowned magnificently with intense black hair. The face was unusually round and full, complexion sallow, the eyes very large, black, brilliant and intelligent. Altogether the face denoted extreme good health. But leave the head and face and look at the body and limbs. There were none, almost literally. The large healthy head was the living head of a shadowy body, an actual skeleton. His thin shirt and pants did not hide the bones. Drawing up his shirt sleeve the shadow of an arm was revealed. Every bone could be distinctly seen. The transparent skin was drawn around them perfectly tight. The largest part of the arm, the biceps, was scarcely as large as the writer's two smallest fingers. The skin also adhered closely to the joints at the elbow and shoulders. Passing the hand over the body of the shirt the chest bones, ribs and other parts of the frame could be felt plainly. The same condition was observed everywhere. His thigh was spanned by the writer's thumb and forefinger. His feet, which were incased in loose cotton stockings, were alike devoid of muscle and flesh. There was a faint trace of muscle on the inside of the ankles, and this muscle pulled the foot in as though he was club-footed. The toes were entirely beyond his control, and the marvelous anatomical mechanism of the human foot was clearly perceptible to the naked eye.

There was not a vestige of color in either the body or limbs, excepting the blue tracing of the veins, and in the shades cast by the vital parts. All these parts are plainly discernable with the aid of a spectroscope.

Passing through a door which led from the porch a small room was entered. There were two small beds in this room. Lying upon one of them was an exact counterpart of the living head and skeleton above described. The same large head, the black hair, full round face, sallow complexion; black, brilliant, intelligent eyes, the same features precisely, the same skeleton. Indeed, it was hard to realize that it was not the same creature seen on the porch. The writer, to convince himself, stepped to the door where he could see both boys. Yes, there were counterparts of one another. Comparing them closely, how ever, a slight difference could be seen. The boy on the bed looked a trifle the oldest, while there were slight depressions at the corners of the mouth, that were not to be seen in the other.

The writer stood and looked for a time in amazement and silence. He had seen one or two living skeletons in side-shows, but those creatures were men and moved about, showing some strength. Their faces, too, were entirely different. They were thin and gaunt, and could scarcely be looked at without a shudder. But here were two young boys, with full faces and healthy looks. Finally, turning to the Doctor, the writer asked for a history of the boys and he gave it as follows:

The two boys are brothers, named Charles and Frank Mehlbach, and are 21 and 19 respectively. Their parents are German. Their mother went insane when the boys were both quite young and was brought to the Infirmary, where she died. Their father is still living, and is and has been very dissipated. The boys were brought to the Infirmary seven years since, but nothing has ever appeared in print about them.

Both boys lived and grew like ordinary boys until they were eight years of age, when the first symptoms of the disease with which they are afflicted were developed. The progress of the disease was precisely alike with both boys, and the description of either one is a description of the other. Dr. Drury, in describing them, spoke of Frank, the younger one, because her has observed him through all the stages of the disease thus far developed. The first symptoms of the disease is odiously accompanied by muscular weakness.

When Frank came to the Infirmary he was also plump and fat, and looked extremely healthy, much like fat boys seen in side shows. He played with the other children about the house and yard, but he would fall down constantly. He was very sway-backed, and would waddle about like a duck. His falls became more and more frequent, and in about a year he became bedridden. Then the flesh and muscles degenerated, and began to grow thinner and thinner, until now they are mere shreds, and he has no strength whatever. Dr. Drury thinks that it is a mere question of time when the muscles and flesh of the face will disappear, and eventually the muscles of the chest, when the boys will die because of the inability to keep the respiratory organs in motion for want of muscles to raise the chest.

The disease is regarded by physicians as being three stages. The first, muscular weakness; the second, muscular "pseudo-hypertrophy; and, third atrophy or decay of the muscles. It is called pseudo-muscular hypertrophy." The distinguished scientist, Hammond, in his "Diseases of the Nervous system," says that but seven cases of this kind are upon record. The origin of the disease is as yet unknown. Physicians, however, have two theories, but neither has been satisfactorily established.—One is that it is a disease of the muscles, while the other is that it is a disease of the spinal chord. Certain it is, however, that the disease originates from a weakness or abuse of the nervous system, as in the case of these boys, their father being a dissipated man, and their mother having died insane. The disease seems to run in families, altho' the cases are so rare that it cannot be determined hereditary. It is confined entirely to boys, and as in these cases, never developes until the boys are seven or eight years of age, and in the majority of the cases, the victims to this most terrible disease have been children of well-to-do parents. The brain and organic functions are never affected.—These two boys eat regularly three times a day, and their appetite is good. They eat about the same quantity as other boys.

When the Doctor had concluded his statement the writer went out upon the porch and talked a while to Frank.—He seemed to be very bright mentally, and talked in a firm and extraordinarily deep bass voice. He seemed to be thoroughly informed about his condition, and corroborated what Dr. Drury told about it. They have never known a moment's pain from their disease, and the wasting away is so gradual that they hardly notice it. He says he and his brother guess away the time in reading and playing with toys of various sorts. He says the people about the Infirmary and Dr. Drury are very kind to them and give them every attention.—A male nurse devotes his whole time to them and watches them constantly.

The writer left the Infirmary with the impression that he had seen something exceeding strange and learned something new regarding "the ills that flesh is heir to."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE LE FEVRE LUNG PAD

A Positive Remedy and Cure

For CONSUMPTION, SPITTING OF BLOOD, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH in all its forms, and all Diseases of the PULMONARY ORGANS.

THE MOST HEALING REMEDIAL AGENT KNOWN TO SCIENCE.

Cures by *Absorption*. *Ten Minutes* wear will demonstrate its healing qualities.

THROW AWAY YOUR COD LIVER OIL and COUGH SYRUPS.

The LE FEVRE LUNG PAD acts *directly upon the part affected* and *cures by a natural process of restitution*.

Why does the Stomach with nauseous drugs when the seat of disease is the Lungs?

The Pad is composed of Balsams and Cordials of the most soothing and healing character. Many of its ingredients are *exceedingly rare*, and found only in France, where every Pad sold by us is manufactured.

THIS GREAT REMEDY AND CURE

Has attracted the widest attention on the Continent, and has effected *thousands of cures*, many of which have seemed *miraculous* rather than exist of natural healing.

We have the most *unequivocal testimony* to their curative powers, from persons of high character and intelligence. We *guarantee* that the

LE FEVRE LUNG PAD

Will heal and strengthen and prolong life in the *WORST CASES of TUBURCULAR CONSUMPTION*, and will effect a *cure in every case* if the disease has only recently been contracted. Persons suffering from

Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Weak Lungs or Blood Spitting, will find the Pad an inestimable boon!

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Who are the Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.

The LE FEVRE LUNG PAD *is not for sale at Drug Stores*. We save the enormous Druggists' profits to the buyer by importing in large lots. The duties on these goods are heavy, and to realize a profit on them the Druggist would be compelled to double our price.

Beware of Imitations!

PRICE:--1 Pad, $2.00; 3 Pads, $5.00.

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

June 4, 1870.—6m.

DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T

BUY A STITCH OF

WEARING APPAREL!

OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF

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UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF

WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING,

Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,

Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

Young America Clothing House,

Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,

ALTOONA, PA.,

THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CONSTANT AIM TO

KEEP A STOCK AND SELL AT PRICES

WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL.

Therefore we repeat it: Don't invest one cent in SPRING or SUMMER CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the

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Established in 1848. ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

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Threshing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines.

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J. W. DICK, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All business or legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections especially. [20-14-tf.]

W. M. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colgrade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street. [1-21,'78-tf.]

TESTAMENTARY CURIOSITIES.

One of the most extraordinary wills was the one by which, about a century ago, the duchesse de Praslin disinherited her own children, under the unaccountable impression that her husband had substituted changelings for her own offspring. In a greater number of cases the eccentricity of the testator was shown in the curious directions he gave for the disposal of his remains. Thus the Sieur Benoit directed that he should be buried "in my leather trunk, instead of putting my executor to the expense of a coffin." This trunk had thrice gone with him round the world, and he expressed himself very much attached to it. The comte du Chatelet, who died six centuries ago, was of a less humble mind regarding his interment. He ordered one of the pillars in the church of Neufchateau to be hollowed out for the reception of his remains "in order that the vulgar may not walk about on me." An instance of cremation took place in England in 1769, when the remains of a lady who had resided at George street, Hanover square, were "burned to ashes in the new burying ground adjoining Tyburn turnpike." In another part of the book the author tells us how "a Scotch gentleman, having two young daughters, bequeathed to each her weight, not in gold, but in £1 notes." The elder, being the slimmer, received only £51,500, while the younger got £57,844. This story, however, is unauthenticated by either dates or names, and we are disposed, therefore, to regard it as only *ben trovato*.

Some curious wills have been made in favor of pet animals. A French peasant lady left the following testamentary disposition behind her in 1781: "I declare that I appoint my russet cob my universal heir, and I desire that he may belong to my nephew George." More than a century before that, Mme. Dupuis, a famous harpist, gave the most minute directions for the comfortable maintenance of her two cats after her own demise. Not less than thirty sous a week was to be laid out on them in order "that they may live well." They were to be served daily with two meals of meat soup, "the same as we eat ourselves," each cat having its own plate. Into the soup morsels of bread "about the size of a nut," were to be placed, and after this course was finished, the lucky tabbies were to be served with "a ration of meat, finely minced, mildly seasoned, and carefully simmered." We fear these cats lived but a short time after their mistresses' death, as the will offered no inducements to keep them alive, but very much to the contrary.

Among the bequests to wives—perhaps the most amusing chapter in the book—that of John George of Lambeth, who died in 1791, is conspicuous for its bitterness. After declaring that "the strength of Sampson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal the vigilance of Hermogenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character," he bequeathed to his wife Elizabeth the sum of one shilling. William Pym, of Woolavington, Somerset, was of a much more forgiving nature. He, too, fancied he had grave cause for complaint against his spouse, whom he charged with having made his life miserable. Nevertheless, when he quitted this world in 1608 he left Xantippe "ten pounds to buy her a gret horse, for I could not this many years please her with one gret enough."—Gov. Blackett—what country did he govern?—left it as a personal request to his "dear wife" that, inasmuch as "she had been troubled with one old fool, not to think of marrying another." From the fact of the words "old fool" being placed between quotation marks, it may be inferred that Mrs. Blackett was in the habit of so addressing her husband.

ASSISTANCE TO A PERSON IN DANGER OF DROWNING.—If the spectator is unable to swim, and can make the sufferer hear, he ought to direct him to keep his hands and arms under water until assistance comes; in the meantime, throw towards him a rope, a pole, or anything that may help to bring him ashore, or on board; he will eagerly seize whatever is placed within his reach; thus he may, perhaps, be rescued from his perilous situation.

But this desirable object appears attainable by the proper use of a man's hat and pocket handkerchief, which, being all the apparatus necessary, is to be used thus: Spread the handkerchief on the ground, or deck, and place a stiff hat, with the brim downwards, on the middle of it; then tie the handkerchief round the hat, like a bundle, keeping the knots as near the centre of the crown of the hat as possible. Now, by seizing the knots in one hand, and keeping the opening of the hat upwards, a person without knowing how to swim, may fearlessly plunge into the water, with watever may be necessary to save the life of a fellow-creature.

The best manner in which an expert swimmer can lay hold of a person he wishes to save from sinking, is to grasp his arm firmly between the shoulder and the elbow; this will prevent him from clasping the swimmer in his arms, and thus forcing him under water, and, perhaps, causing him to sink with him.

SOWING GRAIN.—We sow our grain too thick, just as we set our trees and shrubs and plant our corn too close. With land made mellow and level, and the seed distributed evenly and properly covered, half the quantity now used is a great abundance. The drill is a convincing proof of this. Here is the all-important condition of uniform covering present; and as all the seed grows light seeding is necessary if the seed is sound and undamaged. More attention to the seed is therefore called for, and in securing this, greater cleanness will follow. Our grain will eventually all be drilled in, thus lessening the seed to about one-half. Even this will be reduced, for we sow too thick with the drill. Where the land is well prepared, as it should be, and the seed is all sound, broad-casting will admit of a reduction of nearly one-half, and the crop will be better. There will be larger straw, a larger and fuller head, and less disposition to lodge. More labor should be bestowed upon the seed bed, which enriches it as well as improves it otherwise, and less seed sown, passing it first through the fanning mill with a full wind on, as the light or imperfect seeds make a feeble growth.—*Country Gentleman.*

WOOD POSTS.—The decay of wood embedded in the earth is difficult to guard against; but, according to the *British Farmers' Gazette*, a simple precaution, costing neither money nor labor, will increase the durability of posts put in the ground by fifty per cent.—This is simply by taking care that the wood is inverted—i. e., placed in the opposite direction to that in which it grew. Experiments have proved that oak posts put in the ground in the same position as that in which they grew, top upwards, were rotten in twelve years, while their neighbors cut from the same tree and placed top downwards in the soil, showed no signs of decay for several years afterwards. The theory is that the capillary tubes in the tree are so adjusted as to oppose the rising moisture when the wood is inverted.

SOME of the best butter makers in England use for every 24 lbs. of butter, one teaspoonful of soda and alum mingled together at the time of churning, and put into the churn. This is for the purpose of rendering the butter firm and solid during the warm weather.

Fly and Spider—The Tables Turned.

An old subscriber in Australia sends to the *Gentleman's Magazine* the following: Australia is the land of contrariety in regard to animal and vegetable life—such as black swans, the duck-mole, fish which climbs trees, cherries with the stone outside, and veritable wooden pears!—but one fact rega ding spiders and flies is equally strange, for here there is a fly which catches spiders. He is a wiry, energetic, hard-looking customer; body longish and narrow; color, literally half-mourning, and about three-quarters of an inch long; he builds a clay nest for his larvæ, generally inside locks, under veranda eaves, or even in cracks of wood-work, and sometimes in the folds of curtains or clothes. In one case, while staying at a friend's house about twenty miles from Sidney, I left my waterproof coat hanging untouched for about four days, and on taking it down there was a nest nearly built in one of the folds, of about the size of one's little finger and three or four inches in length. On replacing the coat and leaving it for another few days, and then examining it, the nest was finished; it had three compartments, with one little white grub in each and for its food several small green spiders, not then absolutely dead, but appearantly in a state of coma. These spiders were evidently taken out of the orange orchard, as there were plenty of the same kind alive about the trees; but last week, while up in the mountains, I watched one of the flies carrying off a black house-spider quite as big as itself; and during the course of the day saw him three separate times, and on each occasion with a large spider. I could not find the nest; but the farmer tells me that he has occasionally done so, and found as many as twenty good-sized spiders of various kinds, all apparently dead, but not decayed, and generally five or six larvæ of the fly.

There is also a large spider which actually catches small birds occasionally and kills and devours them! He is like a wasp in color; body, shape and size of a small hazel nut; legs, long and wiry; and he also looks like a hard-skinned customer. The web is always double, one about half as large again as the other, and made of such a strong yellowish fiber that, if accidentally walking into it, you feel a sensible stoppage of your way for the moment. One bird—the wreck of which I myself saw left in the web—was rather smaller than the English wren, and the web was strong enough to stand all its struggles, although a little broken here and there.

As regards size of some spiders, we have a flat-bodied, gray-colored one here which builds no web, but lives under bark of dead trees, behind boards, etc., the body of which is about the size of a shilling and not much thicker, but the legs of which are quite as long as the fingers of an ordinary-sized hand, and the whole spread of the brute is about a hand's breadth. This is for the fullest sized ones; but the common run of them are five or six inches across, and the style in which they pounce upon and double up the smaller cockroaches is what our Yankee cousins would call a "caution."

SALT FOR TREES AND VEGETABLES.—Young fruit trees can be made to grow and do well in places where old trees have died, by sowing a pint of salt on the earth where they are to stand. After trees are set continue to sow a pint of salt around each tree every year, I set twenty-five trees in sandy soil for each one of seven years, and only succeeded in getting one to live, and that only produced twigs a few inches long in nine years. Last spring I sowed a pint of salt around it, and the limb grew from three to three and a half feet long. In the spring 1877 I set out twenty-five trees, putting a pint of salt in the dirt used for filling, and then sowed a pint on the surface after each tree was set. All grew as if they had never been taken from the nursery. Last spring I set thirty, treating them in the same way, and they have grown very finely. The salt keeps away insects that injure the roots and renders the soil more capable of sustaining plant growth.

In 1877 my wife had a garden forty feet square. It was necessary to water it nearly every day, and still the plants and flowers were inferior in all respects. In 1878 I put half a barrel of brine and a half bushel of salt on the ground, and then turned it under. The consequence was that the plants were of extraordinary large size and the flowers of great beauty. It was not necessary to water the garden, which was greatly admired by all who saw it. The flowers were so large that they appeared to be of different varieties from those grown on land that was not salted.

I had some potatoes growing from seed that wilted down as the weather became very hot. I applied salt to the surface of the soil till it was white. The vines took a vigorous start, grew to the length of three feet, blossomed and produced tubers from the size of hen's eggs to that of goose eggs. My soil is chiefly sand, but I believe that salt is highly beneficial to clay or common prairie land.—*J. D. in Chicago Times.*

FURNITURE POLISH.—The following recipe will restore the original polish of furniture, especially in the case of such articles as pianos, fancy tables, cabinets, lacquered ware, etc., which have become tarnished by use: Make a polish by putting half an ounce of shellac, the same quantity of gum lac and a quarter of an ounce of gum sandarac into a pint of water; put them all together in a stone bottle near the fire, shaking it often; as soon as the gums are dissolved it is ready for use. Then take a roller of woolen rags—soft old broadcloth will do nicely—put a little of the polish on it, also a few drops of linseed oil: rub the surface to be polished with this, going round and round over a small space at a time until it begins to be quite smooth; then finish by a second rubbing with spirits of wine and more of the polish. Furniture thus treated will have a brilliant lustre equal to new.

THE SUN CHOLERA MEDICINE.—More than twenty years ago, when it was found that prevention of cholera was easier than cure, a prescription drawn up by eminant doctors was published in New York, and took the name of The Sun cholera medicine. Even when no cholera is anticipated, it is an excellent remedy for ordinary summer complaints, colic diarrhœa, dysentery, etc. Take equal parts of tincture of Cayenne pepper, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint, and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a little cold water, according to age and violence of symptoms, repeated every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

CURE FOR WARTS.—Put a small piece of alum into just enough water to dissolve it; bring this to a boiling heat; then, with a broom-splint, or any convenient article, apply this boiling liquid to the wart. The liquid should be thick and syrup-like, but on no account should the water be allowed to boil away, as you would then have burnt alum, and that will have no effect whatever upon the wart. Continue the application for several days, and the warts will soon gradually disappear.

HORSES hate solitude, and are made savage by being kept alone. Goats ought always to be kept in large stables, because they will face fire, and horses will follow them out, though they would not go by themselves.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in the majority of cases in a few days, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. MRS. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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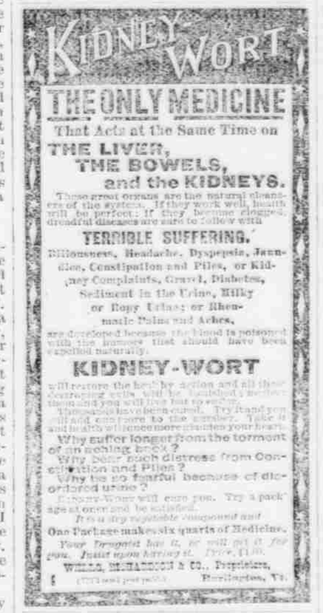

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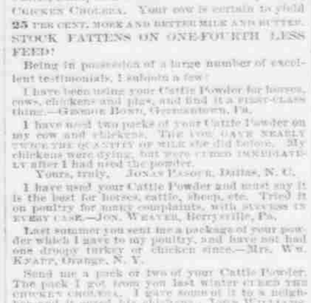

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Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I subjoin a few:

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a FIRST-CLASS thing.—S. GRAHAM, Boston, Monroe Co., Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. The cow GAVE NEARLY TWICE THE QUANTITY OF MILK she did before. My chickens have not had the gapes since I commenced using it after I had used the powder.

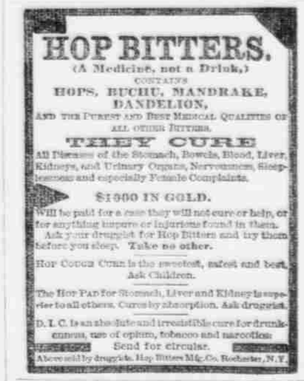
Yours, truly, JONAS PASOFF, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on poultry for many complaints, with success in EVERY CASE.—JOS. WEAVER, Berrysville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, and have not had one sick one since.—Mrs. Wm. KNAPP, Orange, N. Y.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter cured the horses I had, and I am sure it is a good powder and it cured his chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, F. A. MILLER, 321 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [1-26,'80-1y.]



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If your druggist does not keep it, or you happen to live in the country, you can have a package forwarded to you by sending 25 cents to ASCHENBACH & MILLER, proprietors, 36 & Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

June 25, 1880.-3y.

DENTAL NOTICE.—DR. M. R. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, Ebensburg, Pa., respectfully informs all persons interested that he will visit Loretto professionally on the first Monday of each month; Chest Springs on the day following—Tuesday; Carrolltown on Wednesday of each month, and Wilmore on the fourth Monday of each month.

☞ All persons needing dental work will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets and perform all other operations pertaining to my profession in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.

[5-21, '80.-1y.] M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

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